



OCEAN WAVES

IN

LYRIC STRAINS,

A REQUIEM; AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

THE HERMIT OF ST. EIRENE.



. . . . "Why should mortals seek
Emotions to conceal,
As if to be revealed were worse
Than inwardly to feel?"

PITTSBURGH, PA.

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TO
MY FRIEND,
ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH,

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED.



PREFACE.

IN bringing this little volume of Poems before the public, the author deems it necessary to state that they are not the effusions of an enthusiastic youth, but of a man who stands at the zenith of life.

Independent of all religious sects and denominations into which the Christian Church is divided, independent of all philosophical and theological *isms* of the day, he hails the Church of the Future—the Church of the Johannie Age—the æsthetic Church of Peace and Love, as the one which is to absorb the contending elements of Peter and Paul.

It is of little importance to the reader, to know, whether the effusions contained in this volume, belong to the subjective or objective school, provided the circumstances and actions described, be not inconsistent with the aim the author had in view.

It is, perhaps, not out of place to state, that the author, being a Swiss by birth, and having received his education on the other side of the Atlantic, does not write in his mother tongue. At the age of twenty-eight, he was yet unacquainted with the language in which these Poems are written:

But now, above his own, he loves the English tongue;
His harp he cannot tune, except to English song.

Pittsburgh, 1856.



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OCEAN WAVES.

A REQUIEM.

AT THE MIDNIGHT MASS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

I.

DARKNESS.

. . . "Venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there."

BYRON.

The night is cold and gloomy;
The northwind's icy sway,
From garden, field and meadow,
Hath swept the green away;
And nature, deeply mourning,
Is covered with a shroud;
The sky appears in darkness,
Veiled in an endless cloud.

Still darker than the sky, there is within my soul

A hue of gloom obscuring every thought.

The Star of Hope is set.—The world, from pole to pole,

Hath not the home my heart in vain hath sought.

The Past hath but regrets,—the Present but despair,

And Future's golden dreams!

Alas! they were so fair,
 So beauteous once! My heart, my soul was filled with bliss,
 With Faith, with Hope, with LOVE!

But why recall all this
 From memory's silent land? Enough! It is no more
 That Love or Hope can cheer anew my heart.
 Nay, nay!—Their siren voice shall not, as oft before,
 Enchant my ear again with treach'rous art.
 Away, away! I will—it shall—it must be dark
 Around my soul!—obscure as Hell without a spark
 Of fire would be.

'Tis sweet to muse at such an hour,
 To deem myself alone,—to wish, to long for power
 To curse and damn the world with its deceitful snares,
 To gnash my teeth in rage against my fate,
 And with satanic sneer defy the foe that dares
 To throw 'gainst me the gauntlet of his hate.

* * * *

Around me howls in fury
 The storm, o'er lake and wood;
 The leafless oaks are roaring
 As if, in angry mood,
 Their Dryad were awakened
 From her lethargic sleep,
 To see the mighty billows
 Arising from the deep.

Still wilder than the storm that roars o'er hills and waves,
 Within my gloomy soul a mournful tempest raves.
 The crushing weight of life yet longer to endure,
 I feel my courage lost.

Hope can no more allure

The mariner whose ship is dashed against the rock,
 And in dismay he sinks beneath the wave.

* * * * *

Oh DEATH! Thou silent friend, that thou wouldst gently
 knock

At my own door, to call me to the grave!
 That thou wouldst come and lead the weary wand'rer
 home!

This joyless, desert world, through which I have to roam,
 Hath naught but grief, and pang, and bitterness for me,
 And in despair I deem: *'tis better not to be!*

* * * * *

In vain! No Death will come to free me from this life;
 It visits him that doth not call for rest.

What ails my soul? Why not compel it to arrive?—

How would it be?—Perhaps it might be best—
 This night is cold—why not?—I may lie down to sleep
 And see no morn return.—There is no eye to weep
 The homeless stranger's fate.—And Death itself—they say,
 Is but an endless sleep that takes all pangs away.

They say: there is no future

Beyond the grave to gain,

That Hell is a delusion

Come from a priestly brain;

The dead are gone forever;

None hath till now returned

From yonder silent regions.

The grave till yet hath spurned

To answer for its victims.—Oh! if it were so,

What madness then to live and grieve and pine?
 Lie down to sleep to wake no more! There ends thy woe.

Oh world!

Begone! I will, oh Death! be thine.

* * * * *

'Tis near the midnight hour—the time for silent muse.
The storm seems by degrees its wrath and roar to lose.
The wind now drives the clouds beyond horizon's bound.
The stars again appear—and nature all around
Seems willing soon herself to solemn rest to still,
And Peace upon my snowy death-bed spread.

Now, lo!—The hour is near,—I feel an icy chill

Pass through my veins,—my limbs, like heavy lead,
Melt down into the ground,—my sight at once grows dim,
And earth, and sky, and stars, and all begin to swim
Confused before my drowsy eyes—now—all is dark—
'Tis done! . . . Oh world! . . . fare . . . well . . . my soul . . .

* * * * *

II.

TWILIGHT.

Hark!
Methinks I hear . . . what's this? . . . Where rings that
doleful knell?

'Tis . . . nay! . . . and yet it must be, yea! the parting bell.
Did I not deem my listening sense was lost and gone
Oh no! . . . 'Tis *Christmas Eve*.

Oh God! What have I done?

Arise! the bells are ringing
In deep and solemn sound.
They call to pray'r and worship
The pious all around.

The Midnight Mass commences;
 Its grand majestic rites
 Give praise to the Eternal;
 The Holy One invites

The faithful to His feast—and they in trembling awe
 And adoration sink before his throne.

It is the night—they say—in which the shepherds saw
 The Angel who announced what God had done
 To save a fallen race from everlasting woe.

* * * * *

Oh, blest are they that can, in this life here below,
 Believe with simple heart, with Faith and Hope unmoved,
 This grand and thrilling tale by which, they say, is proved
 That there exists a God—a life beyond the grave!

But why should I then cease in this my trust to have?

Where is that Faith that once was shining in my soul?

Where is that Hope, that Love?—Hath then despair the
 whole

Religion's strength and influence crushed?—There was a
 time

In which my heart with feelings of delight
 And heavenly rapture thrilled.—I thought it was a crime

To test or doubt the truth of Heaven's right
To doom a soul to Hell's endless damnation's woe.

I deemed 'twas God's own plan. Geneva taught me so.*

And with obedient mind I said that *God is Love*

In damning souls by millions.

Lo! am I to rove,

* The Author was formerly a student at the Oratoire, in Geneva.

Here, with the skeptic, sneering
 On blasphemy's awful ground,
 Whilst yet within my hearing
 The distant bells resound?
 Perplexing contradictions
 That agitate my mind,
 Will you to doubt and madness
 My soul forever bind?

I must—I will arise—those solemn sounds recall

From memory's depths, the first, the happy dream
 Of Love and bliss. Alas! The Midnight Mass is all

That yet, on my dark soul, may cast a beam
 Of Hope. The Midnight Mass?—What is it then to thee?
 Wert thou not taught in it a heathen rite to see?
 Hast thou, unfaithful son, Geneva's tenets spurned?
 To Rome—to hateful Rome—thy heart and spirit turned?
 Nay!

. . . There was a time when youth and Hope were cheering

With charming rapturous dreams my loving heart.
 An angel's gentle voice, in loveliness endearing

Existence, life—then would to me impart
 Celestial bliss.—All nature, tinged in rosy hue,
 Appeared to my enchanted eyes;—the Heavens blue,
 The meadow's fragrant green, the flower's sweet perfume,
 The warbling bird, the murmuring brook, would all assume
 The sweet, delightful charm which Love alone bestows

On all the wealth of Earth's ephem'ral joys.

III.

LIGHT.

Oh LOVE! Eternal stream that through the Heaven flows,
What bliss within thy depths the soul enjoys!

If Heaven is existing,
In Heaven must be Love,
A tie that links forever
Departed souls above,—
If there be life eternal
Beyond the silent grave—
If truth be in believing
That God sent—men to save—

His only Son into this world—Oh then, confused

In dust I sink before His holy throne.

This mystery of Love which I in blasphemy abused,

Adoring with amaze.—Oh then, Despair, . . .

. . . begone!

But what is this?—It must be true. My heart begins

Again to thrill. The consciousness of all my sins,

The guilty thought of self-destruction's woeful crime,

The darkness of my soul is swept away. The time

Of Faith and Hope returns. . . Oh God! my God, forgive

The madness of my thoughts! I feel Thou art,

I feel that Thou art Love—that by Thy Love I live.

Thy Peace again descends into my heart.

The storm hath ceased. My soul, serene as yonder sky,

Is tranquil now. The clouds of gloom and sadness fly

Away and sink beneath oblivion's silent waves.

My thoughts are freed from chains in which despair as slaves

Had bound them to perdition's sinking wreck. . . .
 But here—
 I have arrived.—The temple's sacred walls are near.
 Oh solemn awe! My soul is overwhelmed with fear.
 A holy shivering thrills in all my veins.—I hear
 The organ's lofty accents,
 The trumpet's mighty sound,
 Announce to all creation,
 That Peace for man is found.
 Hark! now a thousand voices
 Are shouting from below:
 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS,
 ET GLORIA DEO!

* * * * *

IV.

CONSOLINA.

“Requiem æternam dona illæ!”

What long and weary years have lapsed since first I heard
 Those holy anthems swell, on Christmas night,
 In Milan's lofty dome. My mind was then unstirred
 By gloomy thoughts. Within me all was light
 And Peace and Love. A virgin's—no! an angel's eye,
 With tender glances, watched o'er all my steps. A tie
 Of true and pure affection bound her soul to mine,
 And all our thoughts, and words and feelings would combine
 In accords sweet as those of yon Æolian lyre,
 That gently linger on its whispering strings,
 When touched by evening's breeze. A pure and holy fire
 Was burning in our hearts, and on the wings

Of high ideal Love our raptured souls would rise
To spheres ethereal, where earthly passion dies.

* * * * *

She was so fair, so tender, lovely, full of Love,
Her thoughts so pure, as if angelic minds
Had formed them first for her,—they were so far above
The vain pursuits that one so often finds
In woman's dreams. The world, with all its guilt and charm,
Its heartless sneers, she thought, were but the soul to harm.

Her dark and lonely bowers
Of roses and jasmin,
Her lovely, fragrant flowers,
Her tender mandolin,
Her dreams and songs and prayers,
Her father's love and care,
The silent chapel's altar,—
Were all the world to her.

Oh, what delight with her through orange groves to roam,
To hear her silver voice, to breathe the air
In which she lived, to see her reign within a home
Where all appeared to watch with loving care
Her steps, her words, her smiles, the glances of her eye,
And would her least demands with rivalry obey!
Methought I lived within a fairy island's bounds,
Or that my feet had reached Elysium's happy grounds.

* * * * *

One night—'twas Christmas Eve—we went to Milan's dome.
Her hopes were mine; still raised within the church of Rome
To worship God in forms which I was taught to spurn,
She loved the mystic rites, which called her thoughts to turn
Towards the lofty Home of which her soul would dream.

I cared not for her rites. *Her God was Love,*
 And Love was mine,—and from her eyes the heavenly beam
 Of that eternal sun which is above
 The one, that gives to worlds its light and cheering rays—
 Would fall on me—and then her voice in loving lays
 Would melt away, and make my heart with rapture thrill.

* * * *

Methinks—though years have gone—I hear them linger-
 ing still,

In yonder old cathedral,
 The marble pillars stand
 As lofty palms, whose branches
 Appear to form a grand
 Majestic vault,—with arches
 In clouds of incense lost.
 Methought I heard the voices
 Of Heaven's mighty host

Resound in hymns of praise to God's eternal love.

* * * *

In silence there she knelt within the shade
 Of one exalted column,—t'wards Heaven above
 Her eyes were cast, and though my faith forbade
 To bend my knees before a Roman altar's shrine,—
 A voice within my soul pronounced her rites—*divine.*

* * * *

V.

ROME AND GENEVA.

I always deemed Geneva's curse on art severe.
 It banished grand embodied thoughts, which I revere,
 From all the temples built on Calvin's stern design,

And on their naked walls you even miss the sign
 Of Christ's redeeming grace—the emblematic Cross,
 The mighty sign that brought the heathen gods to toss
 And fall.

Immortal symbol of triumphant Love,
 Oh CROSS! What wondrous deeds hast thou
 performed!

Archangels, saints, and all that dwell with God above
 Exalt in hymns thy vict'ries. Thou hast stormed
 And ground to worthless dust the adamantine walls
 Of man's own selfishness,—and through thy power falls
 That SELF-GOD wrought by vain conceit and cunning art.
 That pantheistic snake that twists around the heart

Of blind deluded dreamers—
 Is crushed to death by thee.

* * * *

Why then should Christ's disciples
 Refuse the Cross to see
 Within His holy temples,
 The Cross that made them free?—
 Oh Rome! I cannot hate thee,
 For yet thou tellest me

That Christ is God, Redeemer,—man's eternal Hope!

* * * *

'Tis true I will not kneel before thy shrines. Thy Pope
 Is not my priest, my Lord, the ruler of my soul.
 The haughty Vatican shall not my will control.
 Geneva! thou my ALMA MATER, shalt not see

Thy son forsake his faith of former days.
 I love thee still, Geneva,—'tis alone to thee

I owe my freedom. Priestly craft that sways

The minds of millions now, no longer dares to rule
 My own aspiring thoughts, that first, within thy school,
 Began to free themselves from human bond and chain,
 And through thy teachings all, I pioneered to gain
 A road to be my own,—and then to stand
 Unveiled, unmasked, unyoked, unbound against the foe,
 To crush and bruise his vile and fiendish hand
 That dares to foul the purest virgin's brow—and throw
 A selfish, poisoned, hell-brewed froth upon Religion's
 name.

Ye sneaking hypocrites! that ceaselessly proclaim
 The tenets of your Lord in damning all who dare
 To think and march without your dry and scanty fare:

Ye narrow hearted forgers
 Of God's own Holy Word,—
 Ye fanatic deceivers,
 That with the stake, the sword,
 Will preach my God's Evangel—
 Depart!

 Accursed race!
 Of Heaven's wrath ye're bearing
 The stigma on your face!

* * * * * *

VI.

THE VISION.

CURSE NOT!

 Who's this? . . . What words are whispered
 to my ear?

Eternal God! . . . My Guardian Angel's voice I hear.
 I see her clothed in white celestial robe appear.

I feel her hand placed gently on my brow. She's here
With me alone—yea! her departed soul is near,

Embodied in ethereal form that vies
With her angelic beauty while below yet here
On earth she lived. And now before my eyes
The crowd, the temple with its pillars swim, and all
Around me vanish, shadow-like, and seem to fall
Beneath the ground.

Her seraph form, transfigured, shines
In Heaven's glory. Now—behold! her face inclines
Towards my own. Meseems I feel an angel's kiss
That makes my essence thrill with holy awe and bliss
To mortal hearts unknown.

'T was thus on Christmas Eve,
When leaving Milan's dome, she promised me,
To come each year within the temple's walls,—to leave
The Silent Land,—if Death should ever be
Her fate before 'twere mine.

Alas! she is no more,
Her soul hath gone to Heaven's distant, peaceful shore.

* * * * *

But silence! no! . . .

She's leaning

Here gently on my heart.

Her fairy hand is pressing

My own. She doth impart

To me in hallowed breathings

The air of life divine.

Oh hush!

Her voice in whispers

Her thoughts to me consign:

* * * * *

Do thou not curse
 Within the halls
 Of Faith and Peace,
 Where vengeance falls,
 Whence pray'rs arise
 Towards the throne
 Of God on high,
 Who dwells alone
 In souls that love
 And pardon grant.

* * *

For there above,
 In Heaven's land,
 THE LIFE IS LOVE,
 And Love is all
 The air we breathe.

* * *

Beloved soul!
 That still beneath,
 On earth must dwell—
 If thou wilt roam
 And live with me,
 Within the Home
 Prepared for thee,
 'Midst Saints above,
 Then here below
 Do naught but—*love*
 Thy friend—thy foe!

* * *

Let hatred, strife,

Be cast away!
Celestial Life
Obeys the sway
Of Him who gave
Himself to foes—
And from the grave
Triumphant rose.
And now He reigns,
And evermore
Will all the Saints
Above adore
In Him their God,
Jehovah's Son,
Who through His blood
Hath Pardon won
For all their sins.

* * *

Beloved one!
A Life begins
That ever flows,
When Heaven's Sun
Its rays bestows
Upon thy soul.
The Sun of Love
Revealeth all
That there above,
In Life divine,
Is hidden still
To mortal eyes.
Wilt thou fulfill
Thy Saviour's law?—

Oh! then, let Love
Dispel the awe
Of fearing—God—
Thy Judge to see!
FOR LOVE WILL GOD
FOREVER BE.

Gently dawns the morning yonder,
Through the windows stained in gold.
Soon again from me asunder,
Thou wilt live—but hear, behold
Where in future thou shalt wander,
Through this life on earth below;
Listen, dear—no longer squander
Strength on human teachings, no!

Let Him alone
Thy Master be,
Whose loving tone
Resounds to thee
In tender, sweet,
Melodious lay!
Do thou entreat
Thy Saviour,—pray
That he may Life
To thee impart,
The hidden Life
Within thy heart!
And like a child
Approach His throne!
He's loving, mild,
To him alone
Who cometh near

His mercy seat,
With childly fear
His hand to meet,
For sole support.

* * *

In all distress,
Do thou resort
To Him!—Confess
Thy failings all,
Thy weakness too,
Thy sins withal
To Him that through
His pang and throe,
With tender call
To cast thy woe,
Thy burdened soul
On Him alone—
Inviteth thee!
Let gloom begone,
Let sadness flee,
Let Peace serene,
Within thee dwell!
I shall—unseen—
To guard thee well
Thy angel be.
My whispers will
Unveil to thee,
What hidden still
In Heaven's life,
Is there to see.
Wilt thou revive,

Refresh thy soul
In waters pure?
Wilt thou be whole?
Oh then—secure
My loving hand
To lead thy own
Towards the land
Of Peace alone!

Peaceful zephyrs there will never
Cease to whisper hymns of Love.
Flowers bloom, exhale forever
Sweet perfume within the grove,
Where Immortals sing their praises,
Where their glorious anthems swell,
Where contention never rises,
Peace and Love forever dwell.

Beloved mine!
Wilt thou enjoy
This Peace divine?
Oh then—employ
Thy strength to gain
Immortal souls
For yonder reign,
Where Love inthralls
The selfish wild
And hating heart.

* * *

Be gentle, mild!
With Love impart
Thy Saviour's will!
Give wounded hearts

The balm to still
Their pains—that darts
Of grief—remorse,
Have planted there!
Do thou enforce
Thy brethren, here
On earth below,
Who preach the Word—
To go and throw
Aside the sword
Of selfish strife!
For there above,
No soul will thrive
Without that Love
That giveth Life.

* * *

The Church on high
Is all alive;
No dogmas dry,
No splitting points,
Are there discussed
Amongst the Saints,
And selfish dust
Is swept away.

* * *

The Church of forms
Will soon decay,
The Church of Faith
Will yield the way,
THE CHURCH OF LOVE
Alone shall sway—

The faithful soul,
The faithful heart,
Shall Love control.

* * *

I must depart.
Beloved—dear,
Be cheerful now!
Receive yet here,
On this thy brow,
Thine angel's kiss!
Thy soul shall swell
With holy bliss.

* * *

Now—fare thee well!

* * * * *

She's gone!—I see her soar on yonder sunbeam, while
Along with her, ministering angels glide.
But lo! They turn their eyes on me—they gently smile.
In sainted halo shines my heavenly bride.
And now—a sudden flash—a lightning opens wide
The skies.—The sun, the stars—they roll away and hide
Themselves before my eyes.

Oh, glorious sight! Behold
The city of my God—with brilliant gates of gold!
The Seventh Heaven shows its splendor, and reveals
To me its mysteries. Now my heart does swell
With high aspiring tender Love, and feels
As if evolving from its deepest cell,
In clouds of incense were,—a thousand offerings pure
Towards the throne on high,—to Him, who to secure
Eternal Life to me, hath suffered on the Cross,

And snatched away my soul from everlasting loss.

* * * * *

Oh CHRIST, REDEEMER, GOD! I sink before Thy throne
In tears; to Thee, to Thee—I owe my Life alone.

* * * * *

My thoughts—at last—like waves now splash against the
shore,

But whisper still: MY GOD IS LOVE FOREVERMORE.



THE ALPINE HORN
TO
THE AMERICAN HARP.

I.
EXCELSIOR!

Inscribed to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Oh thou, Columbia's noble bard,
Accept an Alpine youth's reward,
That offers thee in English tongue
Helvetia's son who read thy song:
Excelsior!

Oh thanks! To thee he owes the word,
That oft in sadness would afford
Relief to him, whom thou hast shown
To sing in Albion's strains his own:
Excelsior!

A wand'ring youth that longed for rest
And inward Peace, a soul oppressed
By gloom, despair, would often hear
A mystic sound, thy hallowed cheer :

Excelsior!

He heard a voice, an inward call,
Amidst the deaf'ning roar of all
The world's enjoyments, pleasures vain,
A voice repeat the sacred strain :

Excelsior!

To find its hidden sense, he went
Thro' years of toil and labor—spent—
Alas! in vain in human lore,
The voice, it whispered evermore :

Excelsior!

He sought in Love that Earth bestows,
In beauty's eye where passion glows,
In tender links, by friendship tied,
In vain,—the voice forever cried :

Excelsior!

He sought in books and systems deep,
To find the fruit of Peace to reap,
In human wisdom, learning's store,
But still his soul was called to soar

Excelsior.

He roamed 'midst nature's beauties all,
On oceans, mountains, woods withal ;
He dwelt on Alpine summits high,
But still he heard a secret sigh :

Excelsior !

On placid lakes, and brooks, and streams,
He lulled himself to fairy dreams ;
He heard where tranquil waters flow
Again the strain in murmurs low :

Excelsior !

And then he soared to yonder sky,
To regions where the mortals fly,
That pant for glory, laurels, fame,
But still he heard a voice exclaim :

Excelsior !

At last a spark of light divine
Revealed to him the inward shrine,
The temple where the Saints adore
THE GOD OF LOVE, forevermore

Excelsior !

And there he found the Peace he sought,
The lofty truth that Jesus taught :
That God is Love, and naught but LOVE,
To man on earth, to Saint above.

Excelsior.

II.

ATHANATOPSIS.

Inscribed to William Cullen Bryant.

“Oh Land! Oh Land!

For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great Departed,
Into the silent land.”

LONGFELLOW.

For him that walks in sadness here below,
Whose soul in vain for lasting rest hath sought
Amidst the world's allurements, pleasures, joys,—
For him that, broken-hearted, weeps the ones
He loved, who sleep beneath the ground—oh say!—
Hast thou no words of comfort more sublime
And cheering, when “the silent halls of Death,”
Before his inward eye present their dark
And solemn—still mysterious vaults? Hast thou
No other balm to heal his woes, than strains
Which leave but dark, uncertain mist within
The soul? Hath man no other doom than once
“To be a brother to the insensible rock?”
Oh say! In what is he to trust when Death
Shall summon him “to join the caravan
That moves to that mysterious realm where each
Shall take his chamber?” How can he “approach
The grave like one that wraps about himself

The drapery of his couch, and who lies down
To pleasant dreams?" *

Alas! "The grave is deep
And silent," † still an unknown land to him.
That never heard the sweet angelic tones—
The heavenly melodies which rise from depths
Of rest, to linger through the shadowy groves
Around the dwellings of the dead—the strains
That call the outward eye to close, the soul
To inward visions—glimpses into lands
Celestial, where groves, and woods, and fields,
With everlasting verdure clothed, exhale
The air immortals breathe, and evermore
The breeze of aromatic zephyrs sings
The lays of Love undying.

GRAVE—oh thou,
Eternal gate of gardens beauteous, fair,
Revealed to eyes that look beyond thy dark,
Mysterious avenues, which lead to life
That never ceaseth: thou, with cheering Hope,
Dost still inspire the souls that long for Peace,—
The souls that, rising far above the clouds
Of earthly passions, seem alike the peaks
Of Alpine chains, which look to skies serene,
Whilst over plains and valleys still is spread
A white, and cold, and misty ocean.

DEATH:

Oh peaceful Angel! thou that hast the keys

* Lines from Bryant's Poem, "Thanatopsis."

† From the German of Salis: "*Das Grab ist tief und stille.*"

To immortality's abodes, oh why
Should man yet look with terror in thy face?
Art thou a fiend to him that hopes to meet
His own beloved? Nay! Thy gentle hand
The faithful never dreads; he knows that thou
Wilt lead his steps to regions, where the ones
That loved each other here on earth shall be
United, nevermore to part. Oh bliss
Unspeakable! There "no fate shall sever souls
That nature destined for each other once,"*
And bitter tears no more shall fall on graves
Which separate the loving hearts. Oh there
The life is Love eternal; all is LOVE:
The gushing spring, from which Immortals drink—
The air they breathe—the food they live upon—
The tender word they speak—the hymn they sing.
Archangels stand before ELOHIM's throne,
And Saints in high harmonious chorus praise
His everlasting goodness, mercy, Love,
In CHRIST revealed, the great Messiah.

Man—

Oh brother, come and raise, on wings of Faith,
And Hope, and Love, thy soul to yonder halls,
The vestibules of Peace eternal! There
No Death shall frighten thee; the grave appears
No more the deep, unfathomed whirlpool wild,
Whose fatal gulf will swallow all to loss.
The grave to thee but gently opens wide
The welcome portals of thy heavenly HOME.

* From Klopstock's Ode to Fanny.

III.

THE PRIESTESS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Inscribed to Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

In Beauty's holy temple stands
A Priestess, noble, fair.
The incense-flame of Love, her hands
On sacred altars there,
For years have stirred, and thus diffused
Perfume—oh! sweet and mild,
Within a world to Love disused,
A world of struggles wild.

She tuned her harp to lofty lays—
She sang of purest Love;
Her soul revealed the heavenly rays
Of light, that from above
Descends, to warm the human heart
With sympathizing fire,
That bids the selfish ice to part,
And does with Love inspire.

With Love for God and fellow-men,
With Love for rich and poor,
Her heart is ever glowing, when,
Her sisters' woes to cure,
She sings, in high celestial tone,
The truth which few yet cheer:
That man is not to snatch alone
The fruit of Freedom here.

She calls on woman's beauteous soul
Of nobler things to dream,
Than vain display and vogue's control,
That fools alone esteem.
She cheers her sisters all to take
A high and lofty aim—
At once from slumbers sloth to wake,
And nobler boons to claim—

Than those by man on her bestowed,
To keep her like a toy—
A slave of every apish mode—
A slave—that must employ
Her time in empty, foolish show,
That in the soul destroys
The high, enthusiastic glow
For Beauty's hidden joys.

Oh, woman! Thousands bless thy name,
For thou dost nobly try
To call thy sisters from the shame
Of slavery to fly.
The heavenly life dost thou unveil,
To mortals here below—
A life of Love.—Oh, Priestess, hail!
To thee the lay we owe—

A lay that shows what hidden stores
Of bliss divine and joys,
Will find the soul that Him adores;
Whose loving, tender voice

Is heard in peaceful, holy strains,
In depths within the heart;
Its accents call to thrill the veins
And heavenly Peace impart.

Oh, Priestess, hail to thee! Thy lay
That sings the "Sinless Child,"
Shall never let thy fame decay;
Its accents, sweet and mild,
Shall lull the weary souls to dreams
Of innocence and love—
Shall lead the soul to hidden streams
That flow from Heaven above.

Oh, Priestess, hail! To thee I owe
The flame of inward fire,
That often now, with sacred glow,
Will me to song inspire.
The BEAUTIFUL—its magic shrine—
Its temple's halls—to me
Hast thou revealed; a light divine
I have received from thee.

And now I bless the ONE that sent
From Beauty's temple high,
A Priestess fair, by whose descent
My soul was freed—to fly
Excelsior, to regions blest,
Where all is Love and Peace—
Where souls, refreshed in springs—the best—
To live shall never cease.

HYMN OF PRAISE OF THE CRUSADERS,

AFTER THE CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM, IN 1099.

The battle is over,
The trumpet—hushed,
The cross—triumphant,
The crescent—crushed.

And Allah's name is heard no more,
At break of day, from Salem's walls.
In Zion they again adore
The Holy One, whose praise of yore
Was heard within its sacred halls.

But say, who is the man, the mighty hero,
Whose arm hath slain the Moslem's host;
Who humbled first Mahomet's mighty warriors,
And won the land the Church had lost?

Hark! There ten thousand voices
Repeat the shout, the glee;
Jerusalem rejoices,
Jerusalem is free!
De Bouillon's sword hath won her,

De Bouillon's praise we sing ;
De Bouillon's arm hath conquered,
De Bouillon be her king !
Crusaders—come united,
The holy grave to see !
Jerusalem, the city,
Jerusalem is free !

Glory to God in the highest !
Glory to Jesus, his Son !
Hail to the Cross, the avenger !
Victory's praise it hath won.
Hail to the Cross, the exalted
Standard of legions, that swore
Freedom to gain for the places,
Where the Redeemer of yore
Suffered, and died, and was buried,
Whence He arose from the grave,
Whence to the world His Evangel
Went like the conquering wave,
Throwing the heathenish idol
Down from its tottering throne—
Truth the Eternal proclaiming,
God—is Jehovah alone !

From Gallia's shore De Bouillon came,
To win the Christian hero's fame,
 To fight for Christian rights ;
The laurel crown adorns his brow,
The Virgin blest his sacred vow,
 In him the Church delights.

The pilgrim now to come is safe,
To visit our Redeemer's grave,
And cross the temple's sill;
On sacred spots his eyes can dwell,
His voice to glorious anthems swell,
And pray on Zion's hill.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS !

Hallelujahs let us sing,
To GOD's eternal mercy!
JEHOVAH is our king,
ELOHIM, the Almighty,
The GOD whom we adore,
Whose name shall be exalted,
And praised for evermore!

The tyrant now hath left the land;
No more his sacrilegious hand
Shall touch the altar here;
No more the Moslem's bloody sword
Shall guard the grave of Christ our Lord,
The faithful keep in fear.

The morning greets in Palestine,
With golden hues the sacred shrine,
Belov'd by Christians all.
A gently whispering zephyr seems
To lull the soul to heavenly dreams,
Which peaceful bliss recall.

Blest are the ones that have fallen
Here in defense of the soil,
Trodden by Christ, His disciples,
Once in the days of their toil.
Happy the souls of the warriors
Fallen on Palestine's ground!
Peace and repose, the eternal,
Now and forever, they've found.

Glory to God in the highest!
Praise to the One we adore!
Brothers and noble Crusaders,
Join in the anthem of yore:
"Glory to God in the highest!"
Peace to the earth and to man,
Grace, the divine, the triumphant,
Ever since ages began!

A VOICE FOR THE FALLEN.

A fragment from "MAGDALEN, THE OUTCAST."

Alas! a woman's fall is never
With mercy treated here below.
From sisters, friends, she is to sever
Herself, to weep alone her woe.
Her heart may break; in vain her gushing,
Repentant tears may ever flow;
Her sisters all unite the crushing,
Condemning stone on her to throw.

How long, O my God, shall the world be despising
The woman that fell, whilst the man is yet rising—

Unblushing with shame—

His head in the crowd? And the villain is greeted
By young and by old, and perhaps he is seated

'Midst women whose name

Was never befouled by a scandalous passion ;

Who, ever beneath the decorum of fashion,

Are secretly frail.

I know it, that thousands upon her are frowning,
That thousands the garland of virtue is crowning,

Whose life is a tale

Of hidden corruption, of crime, tho' dissembling ;

They cast her away, the betrayed, that with trembling

And penitent tone,

Is craving for mercy. The outrage is crying

To Heaven, that sees how the world, the belying,

Will crush her alone—

The one that hath fallen—a victim to sneaking

And filthy entanglers—to reptiles yet seeking,

But souls to destroy.

Oh, curse on a world that is ever recoiling

From helping the one that, degraded, is toiling

To shun the decoy

That hurls her to deeper and deeper depraving

Corruption! Oh, curse on the Church that from saving

The fallen, disgraced,

Is shrinking with haughty aversion—from lifting

The woman that man, with his passion, was shifting

To foulness abased!

Curse on the scribe and the preacher,
 Treating with snarling contempt,
 Her, the unfortunate creature,
 Helpless in all her attempt
 Ever to rise from her station—
 Ever forsaken—forlorn!
 Where is the Gospel's salvation
 Preached to the heart that is torn—

Torn by remorse and compunction,
 Torn by the fangs of its shame?
 Have they forgotten their function,
 Those that the Gospel proclaim?
 Where are the preachers so daring,
 Here to the fallen to stoop?
 Where are the ones who should, caring
 Still for the lost that would group—

Round them with eager attention,
 Wishing to hear of the Word—
 Where? * * * *
 * * In the halls of contention,
 Angry dispute and discord;
 There on dogmatics debating,
 Fighting as wolves in the wood;
 Damning each other and hating,
 There theyempoison the food—

Destined for souls that are wishing
 Life to preserve in their veins.
 Preachers, oh dare ye, not blushing,
 Cover religion with stains—

Poison, with hatred, the water
 Flowing from heavenly springs?
 War by the Gospel ye rather
 Preach, than the Peace which it brings.

Ever your Master betraying,
 Shunning His infinite Love,
 Ever his tenets belying,
 Dare ye to raise yet above
 Eyes that, with self-admiration,
 Dwell on your virtues—your own—
 Offering God, as oblation,
 Hearts to which Love is unknown?

Here, to the fallen, your Master
 Calls you, with thundering voice,
 Traitors, that dare yet to cast her
 Out from the Church of His choice!
 Dare ye refuse, to repentance
 Pardon and mercy to grant?
 CHRIST! Oh, Thy curse as their sentence,
 Ever their conscience shall haunt!

AN ODE TO WOMAN.

O, sexo encantador! sin cuya benefica influencia nuestra ninez no tendria socorros, ni nuestra juventud placeres, ni nuestra vejez consuelos. *

From a Spanish Novel.

To thee, creation's noblest boon, that God
 On man bestowed, my harp shall bring

* Oh, enchanting sex, without whose beneficent influence our childhood would have no assistance, our youth no pleasure, and our old age no comfort!

Its humble off'ring in a lay of praise,
Of admiration, reverence and love.

Oh, fairest thou,
Oh woman! What, without thy tender smile,
The life of man would be? A charmless one,
Alike a path thro' dreary desert sands,
In which no verdant flowry sights refresh

The weary eye;—
Or like a torrent wild, that, gushing forth
From dark and gloomy caves, with thund'ring roar
Forever bids the gentle whisp'ring voice,
Of zephyrs sweet, to hush; or like the sky

Forever veiled—
In angry clouds that, roaring nature's curse
Are threat'ning all with Death's destructive sway.
Without thy sweet and lovely influence, man
Becomes a heartless, selfish monster wild.

Oh woman! Thou
With gentle voice dost bring the lion's wrath
To naught, and like a docile lamb he comes
To thee, and humbly listens to thy mild
And loving accents, ever calling hearts

To Peace and Love.
Oh woman! Ever shall my harp exalt
And sing thy praise, proclaim thy sacred rights,
And call my brothers all to yield to thee
And thy refining influence; thou alone

Wilt bring to Peace
The wild contending elements that still
Disgrace the world, the Church, religion's name;
And heavenly Love that God within thy soul

Implanted, once shall here on earth diffuse

Its fragrance pure ;

And then, we all, as brothers, sisters will

Enjoy celestial life. Oh, hail to thee,

Oh day of Peace and Love ! When shall my eyes

Behold thy glorious dawn ? How long, oh God !

Will selfish war

And strife, the hell-born children, live and sway ?

“Thy kingdom come !” Arise, oh woman, hear

The voice that calls in cheering tones thyself

To stand against the tide of selfish rule !

Thy station take,

And fearlessly unfold the flag before

The world, the banner bearing this device :

“Oh, Peace on Earth shall dwell !” Oh, come implant

The new Evangel’s standard in the Church

Whose tott’ring walls

Are threatened with destruction, ruin, decay !

Her sanctuaries have become the halls

Of strife, contention, pestilence and Death.

But thou, oh woman ! canst restore to health,

To life anew,

To Peace and Love, the Church. Arise, arise,

And let the beams of heavenly Love dispel

The selfish mist that still obscures the Truth

Of God ! My harp shall hail thy coming like

The dawning day.

REVENGE.

When low and vulgar malice casts its frowns
On thee, and ridicule thy effort crowns,
Oh then, beware—allow not passions wild
To rise within thy soul! Of God a child,
Remember thou the word so sweet and mild :
Forgive!

When envy, hatred, try thy voice to hush,
And all the world unites thy heart to crush,
Derision, scorn is cast upon thy tear;
When all around will laugh at thee and sneer,
Let not thy soul be overawed with fear!
Forgive!

When foes, with strains profane, thy thoughts belie,
And wish to lure thy voice to wrath's reply,
Allow thy heart not bitterness to feel—
Let not the blazing flame of scorn it steel,
Engrave the pardoning word upon thy seal,
Forgive!

When false betraying friends, like Judas, smile
Before thy face, and will to snares beguile
Thyself—and then in secret schemes contrive
To injure thee, and cast upon thy life
A shadow, trying anger to revive,
Forgive!

I will forgive. My foes, begone! In vain
Your sneers, and bitter words, and strains profane

Have tried to stir the old satiric fire,
That once with selfish flame would me inspire,
A gentle sound is ling'ring on my lyre :

Forgive !

Oh, sweet Revenge ! My eye can shed a tear ;
I need not blush of this—I do not fear
The scoffing crowd, that play with sacred things.
The wasps may try in me to plant their stings—
A heavenly voice I hear, that ever sings :

Forgive !

My harp is tuned no more for bitter lays—
It shall no more recall of former days
Sarcastic strains. My sole device is “Peace !”
Its mission is not selfish pride to please.
An inward voice to say doth never cease :

Forgive !

Forgive ! Allow not vengeance thee to rule ;
Against thy foes the arm of ridicule
Do now not use, as oft thou didst before !
Forbearing Love shall dwell forevermore
Within thy heart—if thou wilt God adore,

Forgive !

Forgive and bear the Cross with patience mild !
Endeavor thou to be of God a child ;
And like the One that on the Cross, yet prayed
For all His foes—for those that Him betrayed—
To God His Father, blessing them, He said,

Forgive !

AN ODE TO SOLITUDE.

Oh, welcome halls of silent Peace, again
I greet your vaults, the friends of childhood's years!
My soul begins to feel within your still
And holy aisles at home. My heart by wild
And raging tempests hurled from rock to rock—
As oft it ventured on the stormy sea
To sail—imaginary isles of bliss
Amidst the world's enjoyments once to find—
My heart is soothed, to calm restored, as soon
As Solitude with gentle silence will
Recall my soul to dreams of future life,
To holy aspirations freed from chains
Which worldly friendship's false betraying bonds
Will cast around her soaring wings.
Indifference, selfish pride, or prudish fear
The loving heart will never find within
Thy sweet embrace, oh Solitude! No words
Of strife and jealousy resound in wild
And angry echoes here. The soul, alike
The calm and sleeping waters in the bay,
Enjoys her rest.

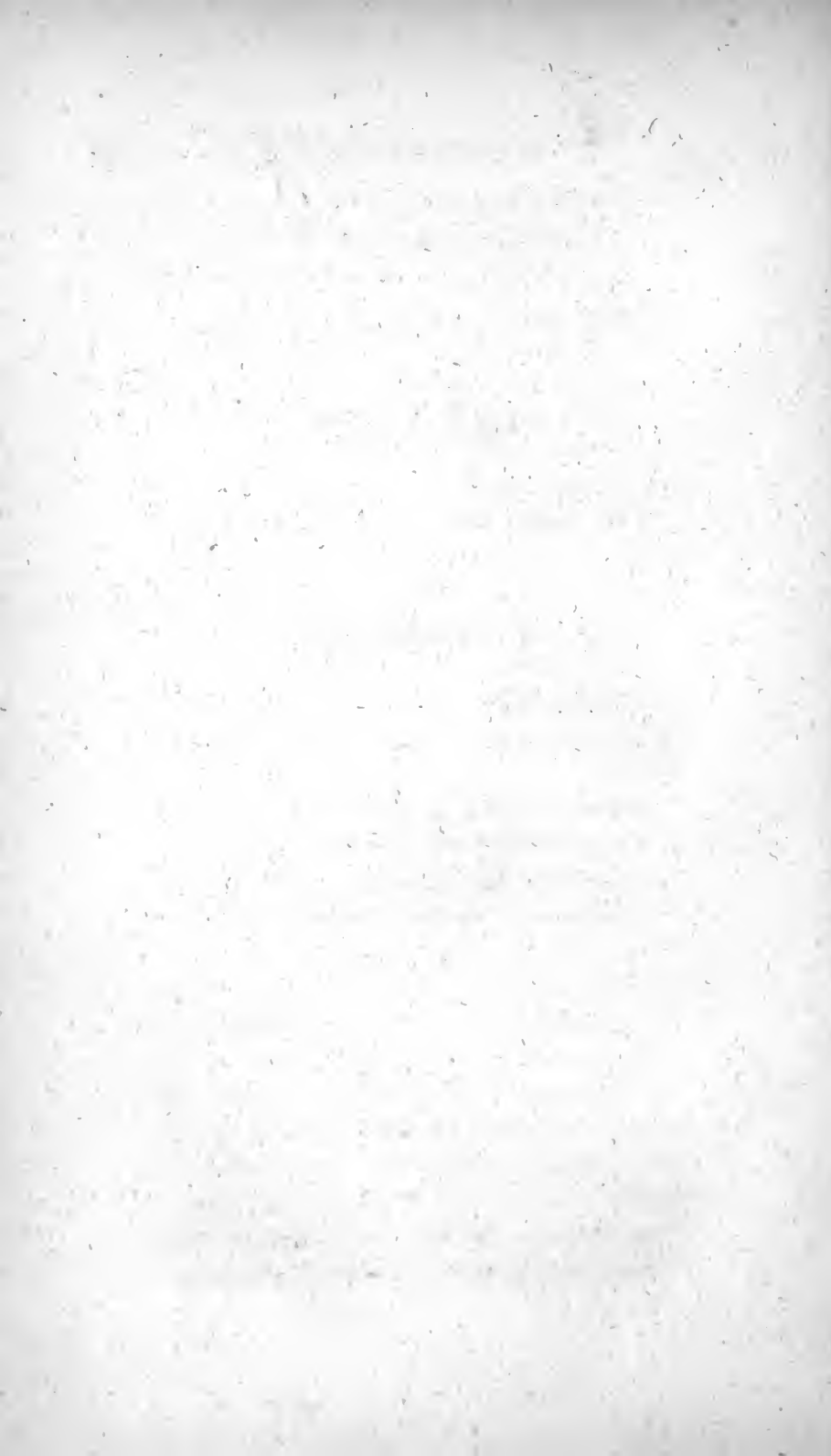
IRENION,
IN SEARCH OF PEACE.

A SEAUTOPSIS.

“Γνώθι σεαυτόν.”

“Du suchest Frieden?
Friede wohnt hier!
Fremdling, im Herzen
Wohnt er Dir,
Tief in Dir!”

HERDER.



Erenion, in Search of Peace.

I.

Of man's contentions weary, rise my soul
Above to spheres of Peace, and there converse
With pure and sainted minds, bereft of spite
And angry, selfish passion !

Hail to thee,

Oh Land, unknown to hatred, rancor, strife,
And vain dispute ! My heart at once begins
To feel a mild and soothing, balmy breeze,
That calmeth down the wild and stormy waves
By man's deceitful, whining cant aroused.
The false religious jargon, now in use
To wrap in graceless forms the truth of God—
I loathe. My soul, that pants for waters fresh,
For loving, tender, sweet and peaceful strains,
Hath wand'ered through the world to find the home
Of Peace and Beauty. Still, alas ! in vain !
I spent the years of youth in mere pursuit
Of shadows. Brilliant, fairy-like at first,
Bewitching, graceful, lulling into dreams
Of bliss and Love—to me they all appeared ;
But—phantoms all—they were dissolved in mist
And vanished ever—when my hand—to grasp

Their charming form—attempted, leaving still.
Within the soul, the secret longing thirst
For lasting rest.

I've seen the world, and more
Of earth's and nature's beauties sweet or wild,
Than thousand others ever will behold.
In childhood reared in sight of Alpine peaks—

Oh proud HELVETIA! glorious, thou, my land,
My own, my fatherland! A lay of praise
I will yet sing to thee. Thy name is dear
To all thy sons—the sons of Freedom's home.
The name of Tell, of Winkelried, de Flue,
Yet fills my heart with pride to be a child
Of thine, my own, my beauteous Switzerland!
My eyes yet shed a tear of Love for thee.

But hark! Am I the first to sing thy praise
In strains which I not learned within thy bounds?
Oh no! Thy beauties have inspired yet more
Than one of Albion's proud and manly sons.

1.

Oh Byron, Scott and Hemans! who am I
To soar with you toward Parnassus' peak—
To mount the steed of Helicon on high,
And dare like you the Delian tongue to speak,
And rise to spheres in which immortals roam?
May pigmies then with mighty giants race?

May sparrows hope to reach the eagle's home,
To soar with him in his exalted space,
And dare the dazzling light of yonder sun to face?

2.

Oh, how shall I my gratitude express
To you—the sons of Albion's valiant sires—
And Caledonia's worthy clans—address
Helvetia's grateful lay? The holy fires
That burn within your Poets lofty souls
Stir up but feeble flames within my own.
Your bards whose fame hath reached the distant poles.
Like suns arise to tell the stars: Begone!
For we will rule the sky, the firmament, alone.

3.

Ye noble bards who praised in Albion's tongue,
In lofty strains my own, my native land,
Who tuned your harps to tell in thrilling song
The legends old, the lore, and all the grand
And cheering tales of my ancestors' strifes
For Freedom's bliss—have thanks! In tuneful lay
Ye all have sung the brave that gave their lives
To free their homes from wild oppression's sway,
And kept their mighty foes for centuries at bay.

And still they were not Swiss, they could not feel
The pride, the love which all Helvetian hearts,
From childhood's tender years, yet feel for thee—

Oh Fatherland !—Thy own majestic Alps,
Thy magic scenes, thy lakes and torrent streams,
Forever leave a stamp within the minds
Of all thy children. None do love as we
Thy lofty peaks and all thy beauteous sights,
And none do weep as we when, far from home,
We hear an Alpine strain recall thy charms,
The “Ranz des Vaches” resounds to none so sweet,
And none do feel its magic spell that calls
To mem’ry all thy beauties.

Land, oh Land

Of Freedom ! yea—thy sons uplift their brows
As freemen. Freedom smiles in maiden’s look—
And Freedom ! whisper streams to banks and lakes
To shores, and Freedom ! roars the wind thro’ woods
And glens and valleys. FREEDOM ! thunders still
The avalanche that falls from mountains high.

Let Hellas boast of old Thermopylæ !
Let Rome exalt her Brutus, Cæsar, all
Her heroes ! Hark ! My native land can boast
Of Sempach, Naefels, Morat, Granson, still
St. Jacob’s Swiss Thermopylæ,—of men
Bereft of selfish aims and wish to rule
Their fellow-freemen, Tell and Winkelried,
And Melchthal, d’Erlach,—hosts of heroes strove
For naught but Freedom’s boon which God bestows
On men alone that know themselves to rule.

And thou, de Flue, the hermit, man of Peace,
My country’s Saviour, blest forever be

Thy mem'ry! All the hearts of Swiss yet thrill
With high emotion, when their lips pronounce
Thy hallowed name, and tears of joy will shed
My eyes, as oft I read thy solemn words,
The grandest lesson taught to freemen's sons,
Thy words that saved the land from dismal breach
Of Union.

Fatherland, let still his words
Be graved on all thy children's hearts,—revere
His name,—remember when discord is near,
His hallowed teachings still!

But now a cloud,
Begins to pass before my eyes, and shades
Of darkness throw themselves upon thy past
And present history.

Lo, my country's shame!
The sons of Freedom sell their blood for gold.
Oh! shame on all Helvetian youths, that lent
Their arms to fight for foreign gain, to crush
A monarch's people! Shame on rulers mean,
That brought the base, disgraceful, vile reproach
On warriors brave: "That he who brings not gold,
Shall have no Swiss."

Oh, hush, my voice! alas!
The ocean's waves in vain would try to wash
This stain away from thee, my fatherland.

I know, 'tis true, thy bread would ill suffice
To nourish all thy children. Thou art rich
In beauties, poor, alas! in food for all
That dwell within thy bounds. The stranger still

Doth eat the morsel there—the children's bread.
 I will not grieve. I love my country, right
 Or wrong. I love her still, tho' now no more
 I live within her lofty shelt'ring walls.

COLUMBIA! thou, the glorious home of all
 That find no bread in lands of want, of need,
 Columbia, thou, the rich—receive my thanks!
 With pride and joy I call myself thy own,
 Thy own adopted son. Thy stars and stripes
 I love. To king's allegiance, never swore
 My lips. I came and felt at home, and free
 As one that's born within the mountain home
 Of Freedom. Hail to thee, asylum, hail
 To all thy noble hearts that ever beat
 With love for human rights!

Let tyrants hate
 Thy grand success and prosp'rous march!—Let slaves
 Bewail thy vict'ries, greatness, might! But we,
 Helvetia's sons, forever love the tongue
 That spake to all the world, with thund'ring roar
 The truth: *That man is free—his King alone,
 Is God, alone.*

But here, my thoughts, away they roam
 From whence I started. Peace to search, and show
 The regions where to find it—was my theme.

In childhood, reared in sight of Alpine peaks,
 My eyes beheld majestic mountains, lakes,
 And streams, and waterfalls. The silent tongue,
 That all thy beauties fair, oh Nature! seem
 To speak—I heard in youth, and thought it were

A mother's voice, that called in tender strains
My heart to rest, and Peace and Love—but still
I longed for one—a soul—a kindred soul.

At last I found her—loved her—till the grave
Bereft my eyes of all her beauteous charms.
But now—of this no more! I sang her once
Before.* My guardian angel, still she lives
In shadow's silent land, and oft my soul
Will roam in yonder regions where she dwells,
And there I ever breathe the air of Peace.
Oh, Shadow-Land! I long for thee, to live
Within thy gardens fair, and there to roam
In flow'ry, peaceful fields.

For years—a few—

I lived a seaman's life—and still I love
The ocean's wild, majestic beauties, calms
And furious storms, and next to mountains, hills,
I love the sea—the sailor's wavy home.

In tranquil nights, I often dreamt I heard
The voice of One arise from ocean's depths
Unknown, and speak in grand and solemn strains,
And then in beauteous, sweet and holy lay,
To me. My soul would swell, and seem to be
Absorbed in God's unfathomed essence—Love.

I've seen the tropic sky, the southern cross,
And all the splendor, wealth of sunny zones—
In Rio's fairy harbor. Islands, rocks, and groves

* See Part IV in the Ocean Waves: CONSOLINA.

Of orange trees, bananas, palms—enchant
The eye, and give romantic hues to thee,
The seaman's safest refuge—Rio's bay.

I've roamed alone with fair Brazilian girl,
Amidst thy beauties. Songs of tender love
Her voice would sing, and lull myself to dreams.
Her hand would press my own. Her eyes would glow
With southern flame, and make me feel and thrill
As one bewitched and bound by secret spells—
In vain avoids the siren's dang'rous reign.

Oh, sweet remembrance! Child of fair Brazil:
I feel my youth revive—my heart yet beat—
As thought recalls thy lovely, glowing cheek,
And fresh and youthful figure. Child of mirth
And artless charm: I loved and was beloved,
And sacred vows had bound myself to one
That all my heart possessed. I dared not love
Another. Souls are twined in Heaven's spheres.
I felt my guardian angel watched o'er thee
And me—and thus as friends we parted. Still
I love thy sweet remembrance—blooming child
Of fair Brazil—tho' love I dared not thee.

I said I loved and was beloved—but then
With Love so pure that all unhallowed thoughts
Had no admittance still to thee—my heart.
It was the Love that binds the soul to soul—
Petrarca's Love—Oh more!—angelic Love.
But she is gone—and dwells in yonder heights,
In regions where but sainted souls abide.

Yet Love on earth doth leave a longing thirst,
Within the soul, for higher bliss and Peace.
The purest Love's remembrance ever leaves
A sad, mysterious, panting wish for rest
And joys which earth can never give to man.
The transient bliss of youth's illusions—Love—
May give a moment's glance in Heaven's life;
But then deceptions come, and savage hands
Destroy the fairy castles. Dream of youth:
Oh shadow, thou, of substance still unknown
To all—except to him that loves the God
OF LOVE!

I've seen the Rhine—the Lake Maggior'
With all their glorious beauties. Others sang
Their charms in better lay than mine. I will
Not here repeat what others said before.
Thy beauties, Nature!—fair they are—but leave
In human soul a thirst for beauties still
Unseen. The soul immortal pants alone
For everlasting gardens, fields of Peace.
The world hath naught but glimpses, now and then,
Of life 'midst Saints above. The flowers, leaves,
And trees on Earth—they all in whispers seem
To say: We grow, and bloom, and pass away.

I've seen the world, and tasted most of joys
Which Earth can give. Despairing once to find
The Peace my heart desir'd—bereft of Hope
For better days—bereft of Faith in life
Eternal—deeming Death the end of all
Existence—Heaven itself and Hell but dreams

Of cunning priests,—I drank the tempting cup
Of pleasure—drank from brim to lees.
Illusion: ruin of millions, ruin of youth!
To thee I yielded.—Thou hast led my feet
To guilt and sin. Oh, blotted page of thine,
My life! I feel no man can tear away
From thee. Remembrance bitter, deep remorse:
I feel the sting which thou hast pointed, still.

But guilty pleasures leave but darkness, gloom,
Within the soul, and thousands sink beneath
The waves of deep despair to loss or doom
Unknown. Beware, oh youth, beware, believe
The voice of one that stood so near the verge
Of self-destruction's darksome gulf!—The voice
Of pleasure calls to sweet enjoyment?—No!
To Death, to DEATH and woe!

I've lived in ease
And seen the brilliant world with all its gilt,
And show, and vain pretensions, fashions, vogue,
And balls, and plays, and dances, orgies wild;
I've sunned my eye in beauty's tender smile,
The fairest, loveliest hands have pressed my own,
And rosy lips have whispered tales of love
To me—of LOVE? Oh no! The sacred flame
Hath naught to do with guilty passion's fire.

Oh PARIS, hell of sin, corruption, crime,
Debauch and guilt! oh, woe to him that comes
Unarmed within thy grasp, and falls a prey
Of thine!

Oh, sad experience, lesson taught
To hearts that pant for Peace! The world hath none
That lasts. Oh, where, oh PEACE is thine abode.

I I.

I lived on mountain high alone—away
From all temptation, brooding o'er my past
And inconsistent life. I still was young.
My guardian angel was no more on earth.
Alone in all the wide and peaceless world
I stood. An active life till then had been
My past. At last I hailed the land of thought—
Began to study past and present things.
Of boyhood's years recalling all the tales
Of Greece and Rome to mem'ry—I resolved
To live in books, and drive away the gloom
That haunted still my soul. But soon my thoughts
Began to turn themselves to holier things.
I read the Word of Life, the Word of God;
My soul began to breathe in purer spheres.
I thought I heard a secret voice proclaim
That Peace is found within the Holy Book.

In childhood taught to read the Sacred Word,
My infant heart was ever touched with deep,
And solemn, awful fear, as oft I read
The law—JEHOVAH thundered down on man
From Sinai's mount.—The God of wrath appeared
To me the fearful Judge, that dooms to woe
Eternal—more than all the host of Saints
Would ever number.—Awful God! I feared

His name, but could not love His angry face.
I felt I could not live with holy mind.
I dared not breathe, for fear that He, in wrath,
Would crush the helpless worm that creeps
In dust. I heard His voice in thunderstorms,
And trembling, feared annihilation, woe
And woe forever.—Conscience then would tell
My soul of thousand sins committed—faults
That awful doom deserved.—The preachers—some—
Would paint the gulf of endless, blazing fire—
The grinning face of Satan, who defies
The strength of Him to save His own from Hell.
'Tis true, sometimes, they spoke of one they called
The Son of God, the Saviour, Jesus Christ,
The Man; JEHOVAH sent to live a pure
And sinless life—to show his kind that sin
Is crushed by stoic effort, strength of will,
And manly strife with passion. Others called
This all a hellish lie which brought to err
Misguided souls. They said that man is born
In sin, without the strength to win his own
Salvation. Woe to him that dares to think,
By holy works, to gain reward and Heav'n!
A sainted life is spent in vain—without
An orthodox consistent creed—and damned
Are all that have no such belief!

I was

A child. I could not then discern the truth
Amidst dispute. And still an inward voice,
In whispers told my infant ear, to give
My heart to HIM, that came to save from woe,

And awful loss, a wicked world.—I heard
It once on Christmas Eve.—I dreamt I saw
Around my couch, a thousand angels bright—
That sang in sweet celestial tone, the words:
“To GOD on high—let glory be, and Peace
On earth—good will to men!” And then
I saw JEHOVAH’S Cherub standing nigh,
Without the flaming sword in hand, that drove
From Eden’s blissful fields, the first of men
And women—no! He raised his hand to point
To me, a lofty CROSS,—and far above,
In brilliant letters, shone the words: “THY GOD
Is LOVE!” Archangels stood around the sign
Of man’s Redemption. Hymns of praise they sang—
Majestic, hallowed strains resounded—all
To glorify—exalt ELOHIM’S name
And mercy.

Never could my heart forget
This dream. I was a child, but still I felt
As if a ray of Heaven’s sun had cast
Its light upon my soul, and—now, as years
Had swept away the morning bloom of youth—
As all the world’s enjoyments sweet had tried
In vain to quench the thirst for Peace—I now
Recalled from mem’ry’s distant fields the dream
Of youth. Angelic whispers gently seemed
At once to reach my ear. My soul appeared
To rise from all the mist of guilt impure,
And swell and soar to spheres of holy life.
A gentle shower seemed to quench the flame
Of passions wild—and words of Grace and Peace—

Methought—I heard in soft melodious tones
Within my soul's unfathomed depths resound.
Oh, dawning day of new but hidden life,
With holy thrill, emotions sweet, I think
Of thee! My soul—like yonder cloudless sky
Became serene. My heart a temple seemed
To be—from whence arose but grateful hymns
And halleluiahs—HIM to praise that came,
From God's eternal throne, to plant on earth
The seeds of holy Peace. Oh, glorious day!
I cherish—love thy sweet remembrance still.

'Tis true that since the clouds would oft again
Obscure the sky, and oft would passions roar
And storm and thunder—flash as if to bring
My soul to loss eternal. Darkness, gloom
Would often throw their mournful shades on all
My thoughts, and threaten me with woeful doom.
But storms in nature ever drive away
Oppressive vapors, angry mournful clouds.
The flashing lightning purifies the air—
And then the sky becomes again serene,
And gentle zephyrs whisper through the leaves,
That glitter all in evening's sunbeam's gold,
And plants, and trees, and men, and all appear
To breathe the fresh'ning air to calm restored.
Thus will the soul of man that here on earth
Begins to walk the heavenly pilgrim's path,
Thus will she have to pass thro' trials, storms,
And constant war with SELF—her restless foe.
But when the sky appears forever veiled,

And dark despair is threat'ning to destroy
The last, the dying spark of Hope—and when
From depths of woe doth rise the cry: "Oh God
Oh why didst thou forsake Thy own?" Oh then
A ray of light celestial pierces through
The clouds at once and drives despair away—
And then again appears the glorious sun,
The new Evangel's sun: THE GOD OF LOVE.

III.

But now remembrance, dear and bitter still,
Recalls from mem'ry's stores an image pure,
A noble, tender, pious, lofty soul.
Oh woman! * thou that hast for years bestowed,
With mother's love, on me thy anxious care,
Although I am no child of thine, I feel
For thee a filial love I could not grant
Alas!—to her, my mother,—thou didst teach
My heart to feel a sweet dependence, trust
In age mature and counsel wise. Thy love—
A mother's faithful love—hath guided me
For years. Thy gen'rous hand hath showered me
With favors, acts of kindness, countless boons.
I owe it most to thee what human lore
In sacred things hath taught my mind. To thee

* This passage refers to a lady belonging to a noble family in Neuchatel, to whose patronage the writer is indebted for the greatest part of his liberal education. As she is still living, he withholds her name from publication. All his acquaintances in Neuchatel and Geneva will know to whom allusion is made.

I owe the host of friends that thought to see
In me a future light to shine within
The Church, the friends that looked on me with hopes
Of high degree, that sacrificed with joy
Their earthly goods to bring me up in lore
Of things divine.

Alas! They were deceived—
They thought that learning, wisdom, might be all
I needed—thought I had the inward life
Of faithful Christian souls.—I had a germ
Within my heart, a pushing root that first
With quickness grew to hopeful sapling's height.
But then the storms of passion came and broke
The feeble stem, and razed it to the ground,
Until no outward mark of life would show
Itself—until the root appeared to be
Extracted, lost forever. Thou alone,
Oh woman, mother, faithful, still in Hope
For me, oh thou alone hast never ceased
To trust in HIM that bent thy heart to love
The lonely stranger. Pangs, deception, grief,
In vain assailed thy heart to take from me
Thy own affection. Dearest mother—more
Beloved than she whom nature made me call
My parent,—thou hast suffered, wept and prayed
For me, ungrateful child. Alas! the sting
Of deep remorse will make my heart yet bleed,
And often now my cheek will blush with shame,
As thought recalls my errors, roamings wild,
My own ungrateful acts and failings all
And disobedience—foul reward of Love

Bestowed, misplaced, on me!—Oh, why didst thou
Adopt from thousands him that was to thee
A stranger—why dist thou not turn away
The vile ungrateful serpent?

SERPENT? no!

I've failed to crown thy hopes, but then my love
For thee hath never ceased. I thought I had
The inward call to go and preach the Word
Of God. But when my mind had passed thro' years
Of study, toil and labor—when the lore
Of men had thrown the veil of human strife
And dry discussion o'er the spark of life
Interior—when all was dark, uncertain
Within my mind—oh! then I thought it wrong
To play the part of those that cheat themselves
And others,—those that will yet preach the Word
For gold.—I could not then dissemble, tell
To others things I scorned within my mind.
Forgive, my friends, my mother dear, forgive!
I was sincere, and could not play the part
Of actors, whining, cheating, dressed in gowns—
The Christian pulpit's sad disgrace.

VOX CLAMANTIS IN DESERTO!

And thou,
Oh youth, that, like myself, dost wish to find
The path of Truth and Peace, oh, hearken thou
To me! Dost thou believe the Gospel's lore?
Hast thou the germ of life divine within
Thy soul? Beware of reason's cunning skill

To lead thy mind to tortuous ways of men
That twist and twine their own deluded thoughts
Around the simple truths of God! Beware
Of those that think their narrow minds can hold
Of God's immense, unfathomed wisdom, all
Its boundless depths,—of men who teach that God
Will judge as narrow-hearted bigots deem,—
Of men that force the Love of God within
A selfish circle—damning all that go
An inch, a hair's extensive breadth without
Its limits!

ROME, GENEVA, WITTENBERG,
And OXFORD: CURSE on all your splitting points
That brought disgrace upon the Christian name!
Division, hatred, strife, the lore of Hell,
Ye preach and teach, and then, to crown your work,
Ye swindle man yet out of Heaven's life
That here on earth in Peace he might enjoy.

I wish my voice with thund'ring roar could warn
The thousand simple, hopeful youths, that are
Obliged to pass thro' all your desert plains,
And dry, dogmatic, hermeneutic woods,
And isagogic, exegetic swamps;
I wish my voice could roar to all: Beware!
Lest all the childly Faith that lights your souls,
May lose its pure and brilliant flame, and then
Forever leave your minds in darkness deep,
Or mist of doubt! Oh, watch the hidden flame
That burns with Love for God and fellow-men,

For all your brethren! LOVE, AND LOVE ALONE,
REVEALS THE TRUTH IMMORTAL. Brother, friend!
Believe the words of one who wand' red through
The thankless, speculative, arid wilds
Of human wisdom—foolish lore to God!

I've toiled on all the systems, old and new,
That will pretend to cut the Gordian knot,
Which man's existence ever placed before
Investigating reason. Thousands tried in vain
To solve the problem, puzzling still to all,
That will explain by logic's cunning ways
And windings, nature's hidden essence—cause
Of all existence—God.

I've searched in all
The schools of Greece and Rome, to find a sword
To cut the mentioned knot. Pythagoras,
And Thales, Pyrrhon, Zeno, Epicure,
And Plato, Aristotle, Cicero,
And Seneca, and Lucian, all the crowd
Of guessing wand' rers through the swamps of thought
And systems, where materialistic filth,
And sceptic thorns, idealistic lights
That dance on marshy grounds—to cheat—mislead
The weary traveling mind:—I've tried you all;
'Tis true I shall not scorn your classic lore,
That often would attract and lull my soul
To dreams of peaceful life, beyond the banks
Of Lethe's stream, amidst Elysian groves,
Within the fields where heroes bear no more

Their trophies,* where the Gods and men in Peace
 Abide. I often wished, as once the bard, †
 The noblest German bard did long, to live
 Again beneath the rule of Jove—to breathe
 The sweet perfume in Aphrodite's bow'rs,
 And, crowned with roses, drink the Cyprian wine,
 And sing the lays, Anacreon composed,
 In beauty's arms 'midst sensual raptures lost.

But soon I thought a higher bliss to find
 In Plato's lofty aspirations, where
 The soul is cleansed from filth and low desire,
 And rises high to regions where abides
 The *Kalon* pure, the *Logos*—God himself.
 Admiring Stoic virtue, selfish pride,
 I scorned with Brutus, Seneca, the vain
 Ephem'ral joys of pleasure. Proud in mind
 I would for months with haughty sneer, contempt,
 Behold the foolish crowd around me—race
 As children after empty bubbles, blown
 By foaming water. Still the manly pride
 Of self-conceited virtue could not quench
 The inward thirst for Peace.

I've searched the deep,
 Phantastic, Indian Vedas—pillars great
 Of human speculation. Thoughts profound

* 'Αφῆ ἐν γῇ τὸ τροπαῖον, ἐν Ἀδοῦ γὰρ εἰρήνη.

Lucian, Dial. Mort.

† Schiller in his Poem "The Gods of Greece."

"Da ihr noch die schöne Welt regiertet," u. s. w.

"When ye still the beauteous world were ruling," &c.

I read of Brahma, Vishnou, Shiva—how
The world, and man, and all, in them exist—
That Brahma's soul alone is all the cause
Of life—the universal soul—and hence
That man himself is God.

Methought I heard

The old alluring serpent's voice that brought
To fall the first of men.

I found that most

Of human systems ever have recalled
The first, the cunning tale that once was heard
In Eden's blissful groves. I found that Greece
And Rome in systems tell the same again
And o'er again: "The world is God, and man
Is God." The hylozoic tale of yore
Which Thales told the whole Ionian school,
The Eleatics all—Xenophanes,
Melissos, Zeno, old Parmenides,
And even Plato's academic dreams,
They all repeat the same infernal strain,
That modern time again hath brought before
The minds of thinking men. "'Tis nothing new
Beneath the sun." The pantheistic song—
As old as man himself—hath never ceased
To lull deluded souls to dreams of Hell.
The Gnostic schools, Plotinus, Erigen,
And more than one of mediæval times,
Almaric, Bruno, then at last the Jew—
Spinoza—all they have proclaimed and taught
What Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Feuerbach—

And hosts of modern speculators tell
Of substance, mind, conception, being, self,
Not-self, and absolute and relative,
And essence, subjective and objective.

Oh, tedious metaphysic jargon now
By schoolmen hurled—with grave and solemn face,
And vain, pedantic airs—from modern halls
Of wisdom, *ex cathedra*—threat'ning all
The sacred ties with dissolution—hence
Begone!

I've sought for years my Peace in vain
In these delusive labyrinths of thought,
And have pursued the brilliant shadows all
That self-absorption seemed to promise me.
I've dreamt of boundless space with God in all—
Of good and evil blending all in one
Identic cause. I tried to think that good
And evil, right and wrong, and truth and lie,
But mere illusions were without a sound
Consistent reason—how they might exist
Since all proceed from one identic cause.
Alas! In vain I tried to hush the voice
That spake to me from depths within the heart,
Denouncing reason's bold and wild attempts
To blend in God the pure, the foul, the right
And wrong. Oh, days of mist and darkness gone!
Oh, long and weary wand'ring roamed in vain—
And still no PEACE!

I V.

At last I deemed it best

To throw aside the veil of human thought,
And thus to blind obedient faith submit
My soul. Geneva called with rigid, stern,
Commanding voice my mind to take—believe
The Word of God, without the slightest, least
Objection. Inward life—she said—was naught
But vain delusion, heresy, and crime,
Without a strong consistent Faith in all
The words and letters, points of Holy Writ.
Eternal woe awaits the soul that dares
To doubt or search a hidden sense beneath
The letter.

Thou, oh, CALVIN! man of points,
That hast reduced to geometric rules
The Christian's own belief,—oh man, who think'st
That God predestined thousands, millions, more
Than seven-eighths of men, to Hell and woe—
Eternal,—rigid man of zealous fire:
What mischief, dark confusion, thou hast brought
Upon my soul with all thy terms and points,
And nice distinctions! Thou—the first—hast thrown
The clouds of doubt around the hidden spark
Of life within.—Thy awful God appeared
To me the stern relentless Judge that dooms
To everlasting torment all that were
Condemned before the world's creation. Men
Of worth or virtue, men of noble heart,
But still without a well-defined belief—

Should sink to loss eternal—thou hast taught
My youthful mind. Still I thought it hard
To yield to all thy reasons—stroved with thee,
And Merle d'Aubigné's school, until at last
I deemed it vain to fight with giants strong,
And humbly I submitted.

Woeful day!

My Faith became an axiomatic rule,
By geometric reasons proved—defined.
Religious life began to be a mere
Exertion intellectual, search of mind,
And dryness cast its veil around my heart.

But soon the tempter's voice again I heard,
That spake to me in strong convincing tone:
If God hath all ordained before the world
Existed—why wilt thou, against His arm,
Thy own yet dare to raise,—if God alone
Can give to thee the force to will—to work,—
If all depends upon His will—if thou
To save thyself hast neither strength nor wish—
If thou art naught but mere machine, a tool—
What ails thy soul, if thou art doomed to loss—
To strife, against thy own desire and lust?
Dost thou not feel disposed to walk the path
Of virtue? Why? it will not be thy fault.
If He that gave the life to thee—bestowed
Not strength of will on thee—art thou to blame?
If He predestined thee to loss and woe—
Wilt thou in weakness strive against His might,
His law, His own eternal will, decree?

If GOD is Love alone to those elect—
If CHRIST hath shed His blood alone for few—
If all that never lived a Christian life—
Shall earn eternal pangs and torments—fire—
The worms that had no strength to rise above
The dust to free themselves from passion's chains
Which held them creeping deep in foulest mire,—
If cursed they be forever—then in vain
Is all thy toil and study past. Thy doom
Was sealed before thy life began. And now,
Instead of mourning this thy fate beyond
The grave—instead of brooding o'er Death
To come—enjoy the days of life on earth,
As oft a chance presents itself to thee!
And then the tempting voice would, all at once,
Assume a sweet, voluptuous, charming tone,
And lull in soft Anacreontic lay
My soul to sleep, and soon again I deemed
That Faith and Hope in life eternal were
But mere illusions—whims. Disgust with toil
In lore divine would follow. Still the links
Of friendship kept my heart subdued. I feared
The name—deceiver. Wildly raved my mind,
As oft I heard from men of Calvin's faith
The stern and crushing tongue that damns to flames
Forever all the God of wrath rejects.

GENEVA: though I love thy name, thy walls,
Thy lake and beauties all so sweet,—thy lore
Hath hurled my soul to ruin's verge.

Yet there,
Amongst thy own, I found a friend so dear
To me, that still his name recalls my heart
To sweet emotions. Tears yet will refresh
My soul, as oft I think of thee, oh man
Of Peace and Love, oh GAUSSEN, gentle, kind
And gen'rous friend! Thy mild Johannic smile
Hath often swept away the mist of doubt
And unbelief that would surround my soul!
With loving patience thou hast treated me—
The wild, the roving youth. Thy glance of Love
Celestial, often called my heart to Peace.
In days of dryness, gloom, despair, I went
To thee—and thou, as once the loving JOHN,
With tender voice recalled the erring youth
To duty's path, oh thou, beloved man
Of God, hast never ceased to help—uplift
The fallen child.

May God bestow on thee
The brilliant crown, the morning star, the palm
Of Peace, the hidden manna, when before
His throne, a hallowed saint in glory, thou,—
The faithful, shalt appear. The teachers there
In brightness shine, and those that turn the young,
The old, to righteousness, they shall as stars
Forever beam in radiant splendor. Thou,
Oh faithful servant! wilt receive thy own
Reward—inherit joy forevermore.

I left Geneva's strict and narrow school—
With German Exegesis stuffed my brain,

With Vatke, Hengstenberg, and Paulus, Strauss,
And Rosenmüller, Zeller, Tholuck, Daub,
And Baur, and Schneckenburger—all the tribe
Of commentators writing folios learn'd
On meanings, words and points, and dashes, nouns,
And verbs, and—often worthless, empty cant.

Oh days of dryness, labor past! and still
No PEACE.

But thou, NEANDER, father, more
Than all to be revered, oh Prophet, thou—
Of glorious days to come—I bow to thee—
I bless thy name, oh man of Love! I learned
From thee, what Holy Writ hath truly taught:
To see, that GOD IS LOVE, and Christ alone,
The Head of Heaven's Church, that Peace on earth
The Gospel brings, and sainted LOVE shall rule.

Oh there I caught a ray of light—a glimpse
Of Truth. My longing soul pursued for years
The path which thou hast traced, and then at last
I found, I reached the land of Peace and Love.
An inward life began within my soul
And drove and banished all the clouds of doubt.

I was so poor, I had to beg for work—
For bread—and though, by nature proud, I am
Not now ashamed to tell, that oft I've felt
The pangs of hunger, want and suff'rings great.
I see it now, my God! that Thou wouldst bring
My haughty heart to trust alone in Thee.

In rage I oft rebelled against the rod,
The iron rod that Thou hast used to crush
My pride and vanity; but now I bless
Thy Love which brought me down to dust, thy love
Which made me yield at last to Thee, which taught
My selfish mind that still the human heart,
'Midst high and low, and rich and poor, will beat
With sympathy for others' woe. I've seen
The tear of kindness fall, the hand to help
Disposed, in gorgeous halls as well as there,
Within the poorest hut. Not all the rich
Are selfish. No! Beneath a velvet cloak
A noble, gen'rous heart may beat as well
As 'neath the humble serge; and now my heart
No more with bitterness doth envy those
That, blest with worldly goods on earth below,
Enjoy their transient privileges here.

I have reviewed within my mind the lore,
The teachings all I once received, and years
Of slow digestion have dissolved the food,
The gorgeous fare that men had crammed into
My mind before, the fare which now my soul
Rejects, because it brought disgust with things
Divine upon her. Forms, and rites, and—points
And old dogmatic stubbles dry, no more
A loveless, desert, arid sight shall give
To fields of Peace within my soul. The air
Of Death that often breathes in temples, called
The Homes of Christian souls on earth—but more
The halls of strife, dispute, than Peace—the air
Of selfish bigotry no more I will

Inhale. I feel the want of help and strength
Which man can never give, the want of life,
Of inward silent life with God alone.
I'll worship there before the hidden shrine,
And thence behold the face, the glorious face
Of Him who left His image there unveiled
To those that love their God.

Oh Land of PEACE,
Oh Land of Love, what bliss is found within
Thy regions! He, my God, is there. His sky
Serene and pure, reflects itself in souls
Immortal. Voices, gently ling'ring—sweet—
Resound in glorious anthems. Hymns are sung
By Cherubim and Seraphim in high,
Majestic, still in peaceful tones; and there
The soul forever thrills in raptures deep.
She feels as if—on heavenly wings—she were
Transported high to yon eternal HOME,
Where doubts and fears will cast no more their veil
Around her. All mysterious problems seem
Explained in God's immortal, hallowed LOVE.
A spring of everlasting freshness cools
The panting soul, and there she seems to dwell
Beneath the shades of trees, whose branches, leaves,
Have never felt the frosty dead'ning blasts
Of winds autumnal. Gentle zephyrs will
Forever whisper strains of Peace and Love
Thro' groves and gardens, fields of rest; and all
That dwell in yonder regions, ever greet
The new arriving brother with the smile
Of tender Love.

Oh man, oh why wilt thou
Not come—enjoy the blessed Peace that still
In inward life is hidden? Why dost thou
Prefer to breathe the venomed air of strife?
Oh come—behold, the GOD OF LOVE will there
Refresh thy soul in living waters pure!

And now, my brethren, sisters, all that search
The inward Peace with God and fellow-men—
Ye all that pant for heavenly rest on earth—
Ye all that wish to taste of fruits divine
And drink the living water—come, oh come
To springs that flow to life eternal, quench
The flame of selfish lust and wild desire,
And yield to Him who calls in accents mild
Your hearts to love your brother, poor or rich,
To share your daily bread with those in need,
To treat with gentle kindness all that dwell
Within your reach, to weep with him that weeps,
To find your joy in others' joy, to help—
Uplift the fallen one, to tend your hand
In kind support to him that walks alone
With weak and weary foot on Heaven's path!
Oh! thousands might be saved from guilt and woe,
If led by friendly hands, if cheered by mild
And tender words on virtue's narrow road.

Believe not thee, my brother, called to judge
And hurl to loss eternal all who pass
Not strictly through the same, the trodden plains,
Which thou hast crossed. The plans of God may be

Not all revealed to thee. His ways and ends
May lead to issues manifold, unknown.
Thy mind in vain would try to hold within
Its bounds the whole immortal truth of God.
To man enough of Truth is there revealed
To lead his mind, his heart, his soul to Him
Whom John, the loving, tender John hath called
The GOD OF LOVE, in CHRIST revealed.

To thee,
Beloved JOHN! disciple dear to Him that brought
On earth the glorious Gospel's Peace, oh thanks
To thee, to thine inspired and heavenly words,
I owe my last, my only lore—that life
In GOD—is Love, that he who loves, hath GOD
In him.

Oh, may my lays forevermore
Repeat—announce to all the world again—
A thousand times again that GOD IS LOVE!

My readers—fare ye well! my task is done.
The land of Peace is found alone within
The hidden Life with God. Oh, come and live
And love, and then the heavenly sun will shine
Within your souls, and drive the mist of doubt,
The dead'ning gloom of darkness, soon away,
And halleluiahs will resound in all
Your hearts and rise to God's eternal throne;—
And then, as BRETHREN all, in links of Love
United, all ye shall enjoy the bliss
That PEACE divine on earth on man bestows!

ALONE!

The following lines were published nearly a year before the "Ode to Solitude." They appear in this collection, merely because they seem to have called forth the lovely effusion, which was addressed to the Author, through one of the Pittsburgh papers, and which, also, is inserted in this volume. Who this "EULALIE" may be, the author has never been able to discover. He seizes this opportunity to express his feelings of sincere gratitude to the writer for her kind and gentle advice.

Once upon an evening musing,
Midst the graves I walked along,
Groves around me were diffusing
Fragrance sweet. In lovely song
Birds yet warbling through the bowers,
Gently hopped from branch to branch;
Insects humming 'midst the flowers,
Sought in dew their thirst to quench.

I walked alone, and thinking
Of those that slept beneath.
The sun was slowly sinking.
And all began to breathe
The air of calm, bestowing
On nature silent rest;
But gloom was overflowing
My soul with grief oppressed.

I felt alone and weary,
A life that called to roam—
To drag on paths so dreary
My feet without a home.

Appeared to me forever,
A burden hard to bear;
I thought the earth would never
To me its joys repair.

Repair? Oh, sad remembrance!
A home I never knew;
My days from childhood's entrance
Away in sorrow flew;
I was forsaken—lonely,
A stranger midst my own,
The fields and forests only
To me have pleasure shown.

[From the Pittsburgh Union.]

TO THE HERMIT OF ST. EIRENE.

—
“The fields and forests only
To me have pleasure shown.”
—

Nay, then, life is not *all* dreary,
Some joy is lingering still;
Some flowers yet bloom thy path to cheer
Whilst toiling up life's hill.

Though weary oft thy feet may grow,
Yet Hope will lead thee on;
Her smiles will cheer thy drooping heart
Until the goal is won.

Pause not—though siren tongue may woo,
They win but to destroy—
Would'st gain ambition's height? Ah! Fame
Is but a gilded toy!

Earth's joys? nay, trust not thou to them,
However bright they seem,
Else in thy grasp thou'lt find them fade
And perish as a dream!

Tell me, has Love, with magic power,
Found shrine within thy breast,
And stirred the waters of thy soul
Which nevermore may rest?

Look up beyond this world of care,
Though thou dost lonely roam;
Look up! for fadeless are the joys
That wait thee in thy home!

EULALIE.

PITTSBURGH, April 20, 1855.

THE HERMIT'S ANSWER TO EULALIE.

EULALIE: forever thy beautiful, cheering,
Affectionate lines,
Shall render thy name to my mem'ry endearing;
Thy image entwines
Itself in my dreams, tho' I never was deeming,
And never did know,

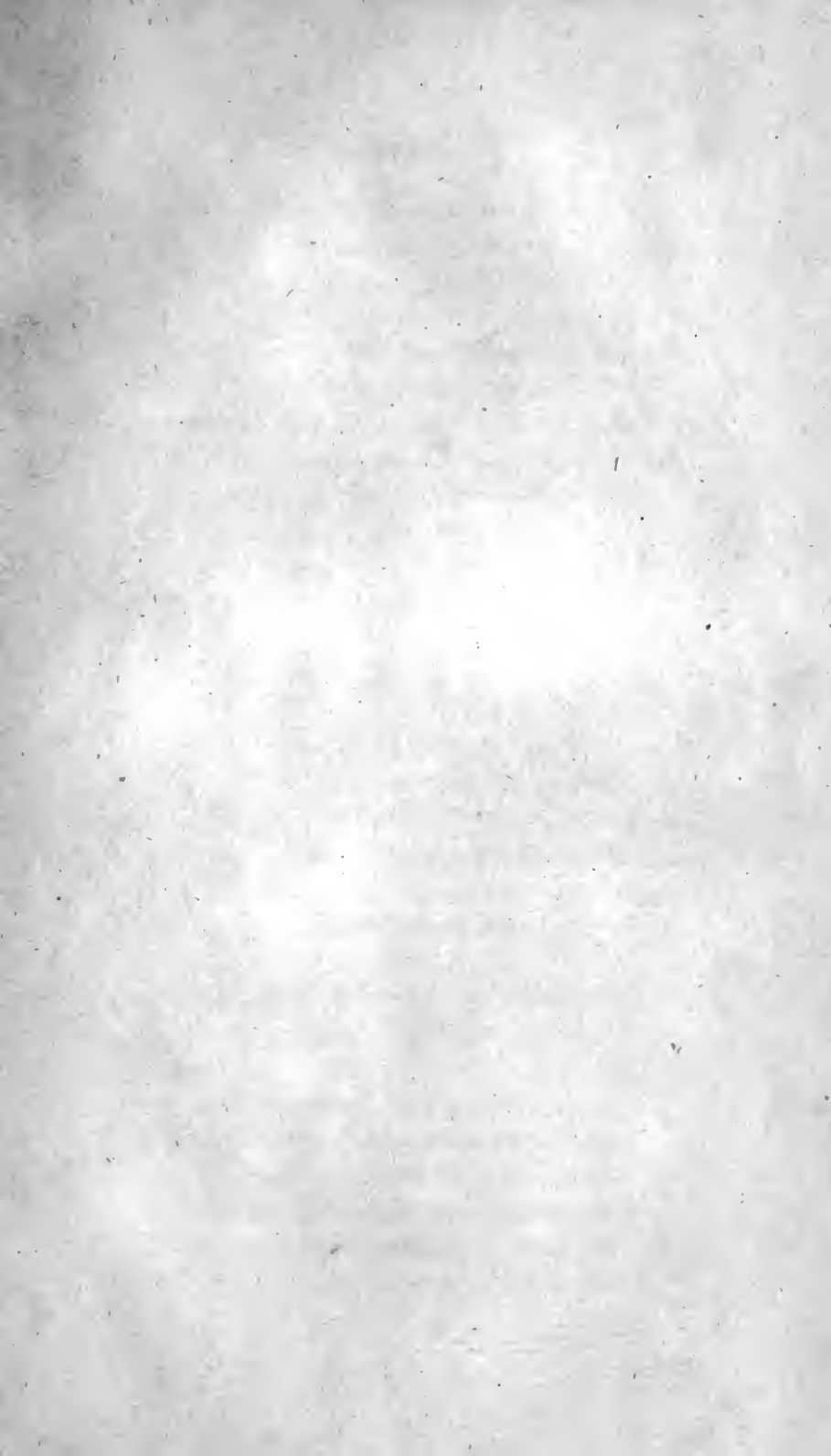
That there should be one that, unknown, is yet seeming
 To care for my woe.
Oh! thou dost not think of the tear that was falling
 As reading thy lay—
Methought I heard whispers angelic, recalling
 My spirit away—
Away from the longings for earthly affection—
 For one that would love
The pilgrim so lonely. Oh thanks! The direction
 Thou showest—above
The world, for the flowers to seek that are blooming
 Eternally there—
I know it, and ever as sadness, begloomng
 My soul with despair,
Is hurling my thoughts to the shadowy regions
 Of darkness and grief;
Oh, then—I will look to the Cross, on which legions
 Of souls, their relief
Forever have found—to the Cross, the redeeming,
 The symbol of Love.
And then, oh, my friend, in an instant is seeming
 To come from above,
A ray of the light, that reveals to my longing
 And suffering heart,
The Home which I thought to the earth was belonging,
 Which once would impart
Such bliss as I never had known, but in sorrow
 In vain I have sought.
I hoped for it long—and to-day—no! to-morrow
 I'll find it—I thought,
And said so for years every morn; but I waited—

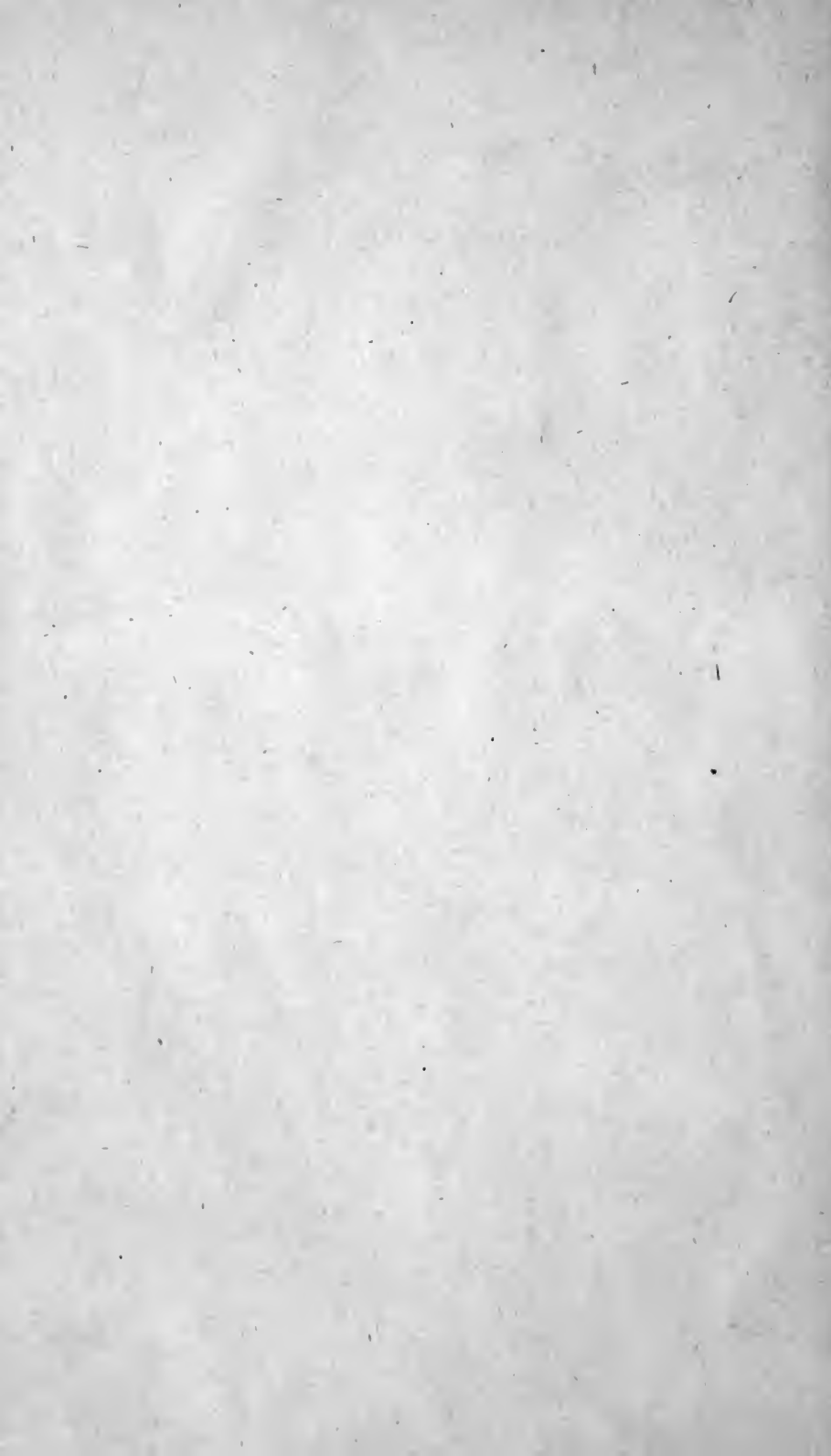
Continued to roam—
But never, me never a place hath invited
To call it my home.

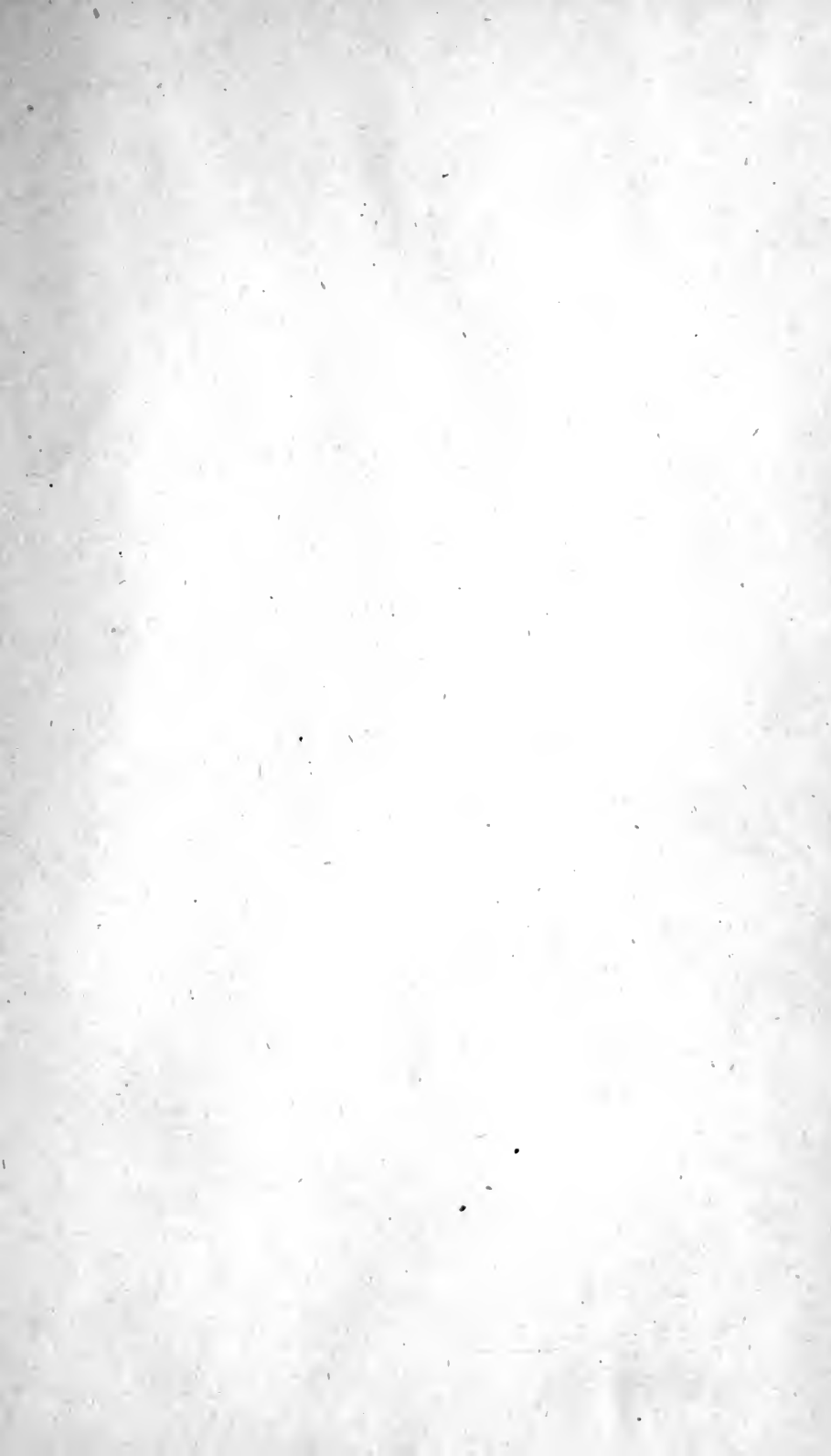
Where is the flower, that blooming for me,
Here on my path, shall yet cheer
Me, who wand' red thro' lands? On the sea
Vainly my ship I did steer,
Hoping to find yet the harbor of rest,
Given to thousands in Love.
Where is the home by my soul to be blest,
Where—but in Heaven above?

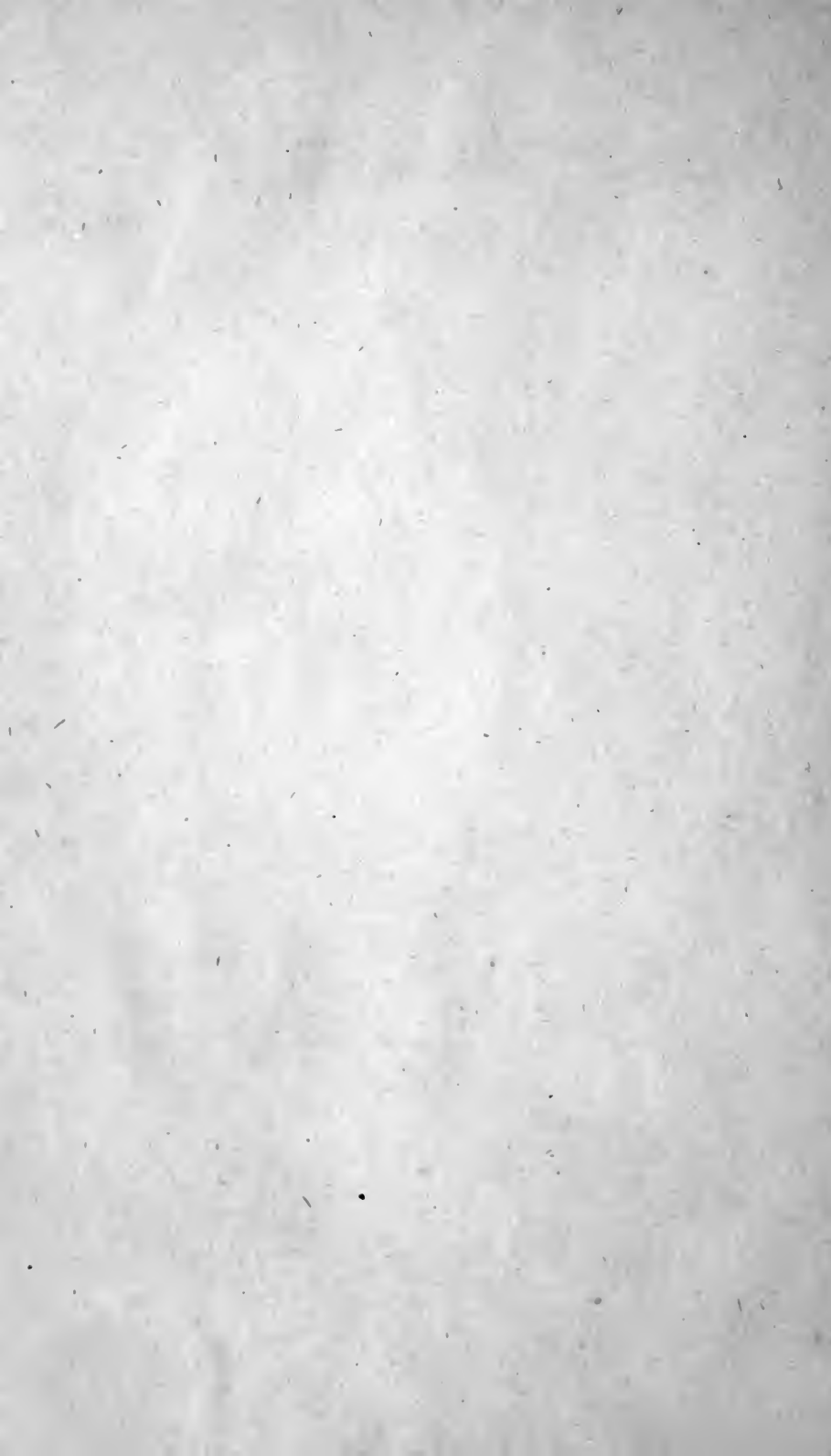
There is a flower yet blooming for me,
One that was taken away,
Hence to a world in which never she'll be
Fading and sink to decay.
There is an angel that whispers at night,
When in my sadness alone,
Weary, I'm sighing—an angel so bright,
Whispers in heavenly tone:

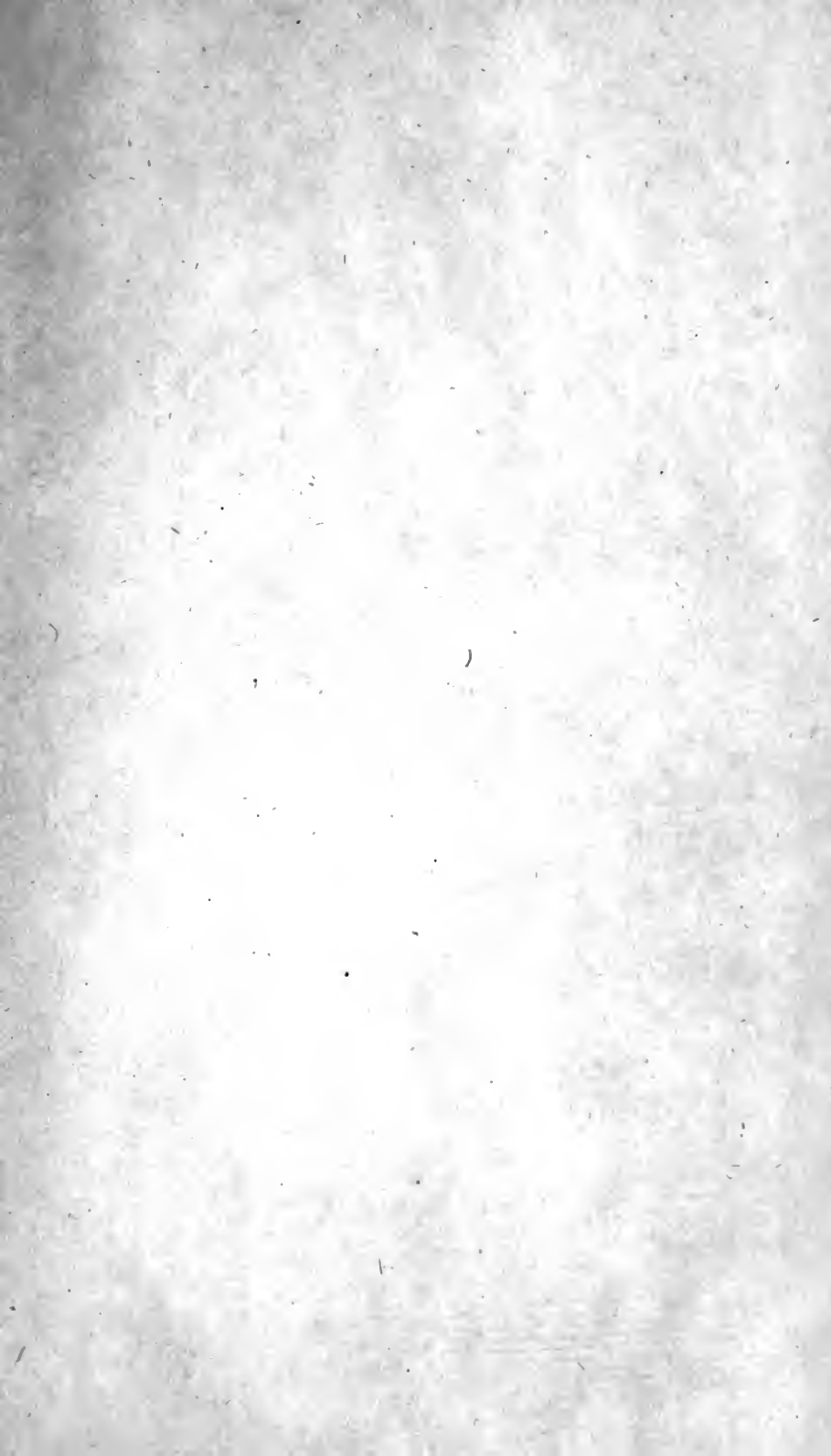
“Wanderer lonely: oh, lift up thy eyes!
Here, my beloved, I'm near;
Soon, oh! shalt thou to the regions arise,
Where will be dried every tear.
Soon will the pangs of thy life be at end,
Soon—oh, rejoice! at my side
Thou, my beloved, forever shall stand—
Here in my Heaven abide.”





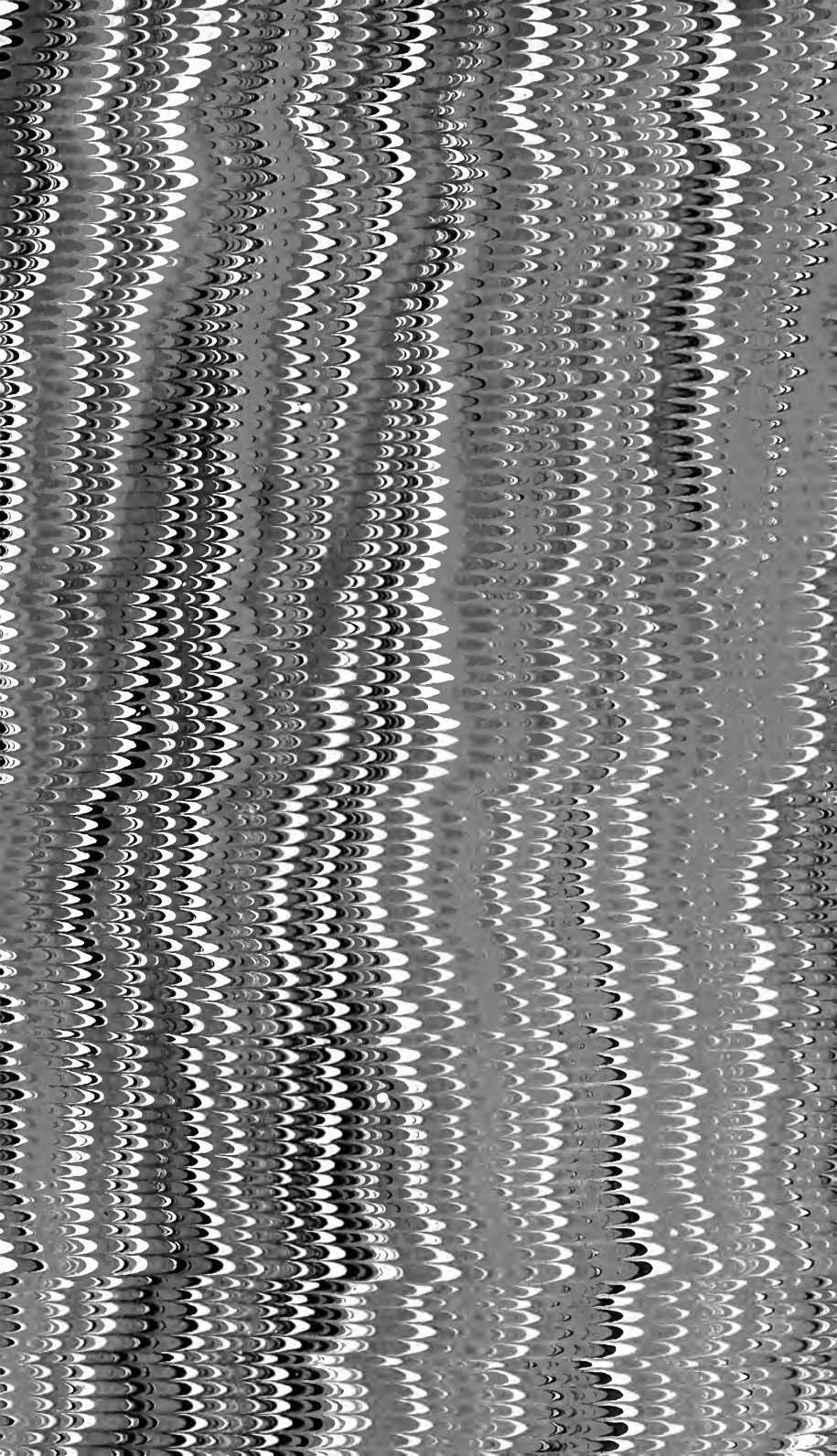




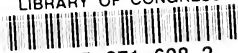


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